

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

VOL. XIX. No. 25 }
WHOLE No. 493 }

SEPTEMBER 28, 1918

{ PRICE, 10 CENTS
\$3.00 A YEAR }

Chronicle

The War.—On the western front, in the Balkans and in Asia, the week was marked by a series of Allied successes. On the western front, in Flanders, in the Lys

Bulletin, Sept. 16,
p.m.-Sept. 23, a.m.

salient south of Ypres, near Voormezele, the Germans slowly withdrew under pressure from British

troops aided by an American force. In the northern part of this sector, the British moved forward along the Ypres Commines Canal below Zillebeke Lake and improved their positions south and east of Ploegsteert. The Wytchaete-Messines Ridge is thus being enveloped on the north, east and south. On the southern tip of the salient the British advanced toward La Bassée and captured the important railroad junction of Auchy on the canal southwest of La Bassée.

On September 16, the offensive against St. Quentin was renewed. On that date the 4th British Army under General Rawlinson, and the 1st French under General Debeney moved directly forward against the defenses of the city. The objective was the St. Quentin Canal, which runs north to Cambrai where it links up with the Scheldt Canal. The Allied attack was made on a twenty-two mile line extending from north of Gouzeaucourt ten miles southwest of Cambrai to Castres, four miles southwest of St. Quentin. The Hindenburg line was pierced at two important points, at Villeret, southeast of Hargicourt, and then from Holnon to Pentru. On September 18, the enemy made a counter attack in force against Moeuvres which lies close to the Hindenburg line almost due west of Cambrai, and also tried to turn the Allies back at Havrincourt. For a while the Allied troops yielded Moeuvres, but on the following day they reoccupied part of its outer lines and completely reoccupied it two days later. On September 19 French troops under General Debeney, in a series of operations designed to envelop the city from the south, captured Essigny-le-Grand. An advance here eastwards of a little more than two miles would flank the canal front. On September 22 English troops east of Epehy and Australians near Hargicourt made new inroads into the outer defenses of the Hindenburg line northwest of St. Quentin.

The Somme salient is by these operations almost entirely wiped out. The portion still remaining to the enemy is the slice from La Fere north through Benay

and Gauche to Bellinglise, nineteen miles long by two miles wide, and a five mile strip south of Lens. A part of the Wotan switch line extending from Drocourt to Biaches also remains in German hands. The Oise salient, too, was entirely reconquered, and the French made steady advances beyond St. Gobain Forest and along the streams which flow into the Ailette towards Laon, which is in range of their guns. American troops co-operated with the French north of the Vesle and gradually pushed the enemy westward toward the Canal de l'Aisne which connects the two rivers north of Reims. In the lately recaptured St. Mihiel salient the Americans were busy with continual but on the whole minor and preparatory operations. Several of the outer forts and defenses of Metz were under fire from their long-range guns.

On September 18 the Allied armies in Macedonia, mainly composed of Franco-Serb and Greco-British contingents, and under the supreme command of General Franchet d'Esperey, began a vigorous attack against the enemy's lines. These were held chiefly by 250,000 Bulgars, supported by several Austrian divisions and some German artillery. The first assault was made by the Franco-Serbs between the Vardar River and Lake Doiran on a ten-mile front, netting a gain of five miles. Immediately after, assisted by a Jugo-Slav division, they advanced on a twenty-mile front from Blatets west to the Cerna and gained Rasembey, fifteen miles up the river. In the first three days forty-five villages were reported taken by the Allied forces, and the Dopropolie plateau, with some of its peaks rising to a height of 5,000 feet, was stormed. British and Greeks advanced in the region east of the Vardar between Lake Doiran and Lake Tachino. By September 21 the Serbs east of Monastir were less than eight miles from the highway connecting Prilep with the Vardar River. The dispatches of September 23 reported the Serbs within four miles of the Uskub-Salonica railroad.

British and French forces in Palestine under command of General Allenby resumed their offensive on September 19. Attacking on a front of sixteen miles between Rafat and the sea, they advanced twelve miles along the Lydda-Damascus railway. This brought Allenby's forces to within ninety miles of Damascus, his immediate objec-

tive. Aleppo, the ultimate objective of the advance, is 288 miles away. Seven hundred miles across the desert to the east, in Mesopotamia, is General Marshall with an Anglo-Indian army. He was last reported sixty miles south of his objective, Mosul, on the Tigris. By September 22 the British had completely trapped the Turkish army between the Jordan and the Mediterranean. Allenby's forces, sweeping across the field of Armageddon, had by that time advanced sixty miles. They took 18,000 prisoners and 120 guns. Nazareth was captured and the gateway opened to Damascus and Aleppo. On the Caspian sea the Turks recaptured Baku.

On September 17, Secretary of State Lansing gave out the United States reply to the Austrian peace proposal, in the form in which it was handed to the Swedish Minister, Mr. W. A. F. Ekengren, *The President's Answer to Austria* now in charge of Austro-Hungarian interests in this country. After recalling the suggestions made in the Austrian note, Mr. Lansing thus addressed the Swedish Minister, who, as intermediary, brought us the Austrian note:

In reply I beg to say that the substance of your communication has been submitted to the President, who now directs me to inform you that the Government of the United States feels that there is only one reply which it can make to the suggestion of the Imperial Austro-Hungarian Government. It has repeatedly and with entire candor stated the terms upon which the United States would consider peace, and can and will entertain no proposal for a conference upon a matter concerning which it has made its position and purpose so plain.

The substance of the reply had already been given to the public by Mr. Lansing on September 16, in a statement authorized by the President. Almost coincident with this summary note was Belgium's rejection of Germany's offer for a separate peace. Speaking for his nation, Premier Cooreman characterized the Teutons' proposal as empty, fallacious, void of any promise of reparation, and without the least renunciation of political domination.

The reign of terror in Russia, of which news has leaked out in spite of the suppression of all newspapers except those controlled by the Bolsheviks, has received official confirmation in the President's appeal to the world for assistance for the unfortunate Russian people. This appeal, which was sent by Mr. Lansing in the form of a telegram to the representatives of the United States in the capitals of allied and neutral countries, is as follows:

This Government is in receipt of information from reliable sources revealing that the peaceable Russian citizens of Moscow, Petrograd and other cities are suffering from an openly avowed campaign of mass terrorism and are subject to wholesale executions. Thousands of persons have been shot without even a form of trial; ill-administered prisons are filled beyond capacity, and every night scores of Russian citizens are recklessly put to death, and irresponsible bands are venting their brutal passions in the daily massacre of untold innocents. In view of the earnest desire of the people of the United States to befriend the Russian people and lend them all possible assistance in their struggle to reconstruct their nation upon principles of democracy and self-

government, and acting, therefore, solely in the interest of the Russian people themselves, this Government feels that it cannot be silent or refrain from expressing its horror at this existing state of terrorism. Furthermore, it believes that in order successfully to check the further increase of the indiscriminate slaughter of Russian citizens all civilized nations should register their abhorrence of such barbarism. You will inquire, therefore, whether the Government to which you are accredited will be disposed to take some immediate action, which is entirely divorced from the atmosphere of belligerency and the conduct of war, to impress upon the perpetrators of these crimes the aversion with which civilization regards their present wanton acts.

This message is taken to be a reiteration of the President's determination to befriend the Russian people, as voiced in his speech of May 18, 1918, when he said: "So far as I am concerned, I intend to stand by Russia as well as France. The helpless and the friendless are the very ones that need friends and succor."

Canada.—The Canadian papers report the appointment by the Holy See of a bishop for the Canadian forces at home and overseas, in the person of the Right Rev.

Bishop Emard of Valleyfield, Quebec.

An Army Bishop There are 64 Canadian priests in the service: of these 50 are rated as English and 14 as French, though all speak both languages; 13 of these chaplains are members of Religious Orders and 46 are diocesan clergy. The 5 dioceses of the maritime provinces are represented by 14 priests, the 11 dioceses of Quebec by 1, the 10 dioceses of Ontario by 23 and the dioceses of the West by 6. Antigonish, London and Pembroke have each sent 5 chaplains. The Religious Orders are represented as follows: Oblates 8, Franciscans 3, Jesuits 3, Basilians 2, Dominicans 1, Benedictines 1. One chaplain was killed in action, 3 have been wounded, 1 has won the D. S. O., 6 the M. C., and 5 have been mentioned in dispatches.

France.—The women of France have given another proof of sterling Catholicism and stanch attachment to the Holy See. The following letter, which is dated July 29, but which only lately reached the United States, is a touching expression of faith and of devotion to the Holy Father. The translation is taken from the *Irish Catholic* of Dublin:

Most Holy Father: French war widows to the number of 200,000, humbly prostrate at the feet of your Holiness, beg you to accept the expression of their inviolable fidelity to the Roman See. As heads of families they take at your feet the sacred pledge to bring up their children in the love of the Church, and promise your Holiness to teach them the grave duties which this love and this attachment imply. They supplicate you, Holy Father, in exchange for this promise, to offer to God their broken lives and all their sorrows, in order that, accepting this offering, the Divine Majesty may be pleased to transform their tears into a torrent of benedictions which will fall back upon their children, and bring back to the feet of your Holiness a renewed France. Holy Father, those who suffer most for France and who hold her future in their hands are happy and proud to proclaim themselves aloud the most faithful daughters of your Holiness.

As an expression and reminder of this act of homage, which was undertaken under the patronage of Cardinal Luçon, Archbishop of Reims, and seventy-six French Archbishops and Bishops, those who were associated in it presented to the Holy Father a book made of parchment in which were written both the letter and the names of all those concerned. Together with the volume the ladies presented the Pope with vestments, altar linen and the sacred vessels needed for the Holy Sacrifice, in order that He might deign to use them at the Mass, which He promised to say for their intentions. On the base of the chalice were inscribed in diamonds the words: "From the widows of France to His Holiness, Benedict XV."

Ireland.—The *Irish Catholic*, under date of August 24, 1918, published this rather startling letter from the Primate of All Ireland:

To the Editor of the *Irish Catholic*:
Cardinal Logue and Palestine I have received through the French Embassy in London a letter from the Vicar-General of the Catholic Greek Patriarch of Jerusalem. In the letter he states that large sums of money have been collected for sufferers from the tyranny of the Turks in Palestine. This money is employed in providing food and clothing for the poor sufferers, and workshops are opened for the employment of the women and girls. He complains that the Protestants are served first; next to them the Greek schismatics, and the Catholics are served last, or rather generally not at all, up to the time of his writing. He says he has consulted the Catholic parish priests of Jaffa and Ramleh, who affirm that women and girls are not accepted in the workshops unless they consent to join the Protestants in prayer, a condition for the relief of pressing needs to which we are well accustomed in Ireland.

He asks me to come to the relief of the Catholics by having Catholic members appointed to the committees and employed in the distribution of relief. This, of course, is out of my power. The only thing I can do is to direct public attention to the matter through the press.

There was general rejoicing when the Holy Places in Palestine had fallen into the hands of Christians. It would be lamentable if Catholics, in Palestine and Syria, should wish to be back under the rule of the Turks, which is not unlikely, should discrimination, such as is referred to, and efforts to rob them of their faith, be persisted in. I am, dear sir,

Yours faithfully,

Armagh, August 19, 1918. ✠MICHAEL CARDINAL LOGUE.

The discrimination under stricture contrasts so strangely with promises made by the Americans interested in this particular charity that the grievance will no doubt be quickly remedied.

The Irish papers, especially the capable *Leader*, are making much these days of a new book, the "Complete Grammar of Anarchy," a compilation which contains extracts from the speeches of the *Enshrined Anarchy* clumsy politicians who hold Ireland's fate in their hands. Some idea of the temper of these men can be gained from these extracts. On October 5, 1912, Mr. Asquith, speaking at Ladybank said: "The reckless rodomontade at Blenheim in the early summer, as developed and amplified

in this Ulster campaign, furnishes for the future a complete Grammar of Anarchy."

To this Carson replied:

The Attorney General says that my doctrines and the course I am taking lead to anarchy. Does he not think I know that? Does he think that after coming to my time of life, and passing through the various offices and responsibilities I have accepted, I did this like a baby, without knowing the consequences?

And Mr. Asquith, speaking in the English Parliament, July 31st, 1913, declared:

What answer are you going to make to the vast majority of the Irish people when they resist the considered determination of Parliament and appeal to the language of the Right Hon. Gentleman to justify their action?

Later, on March 13, 1914, the present Lord Chancellor, in a speech delivered at Swansea, felt that civil war was the path of danger, but it was also the path of duty; and he was convinced that no other alternative was left to the loyalist of Ulster.

On December 5, 1915, Pretyman Newman gave expression to the following thoughts, at Potter's Row:

If Mr. Asquith did employ the British army, he would break the back of the army, and if by any chance he should bring bloodshed in Ulster by means of imperial troops, then, to his mind [Mr. Newman's] any man would be justified in shooting Mr. Asquith in the streets of London.

One of the Irish journals points out that all this makes interesting reading, especially in view of the fact that Ulster, Belfast excluded, is Nationalist.

Italy.—In the July 8, 1918, issue of the *Gazzetta Ufficiale* there appeared the text of the recent decree which provides for the establishment of the Central

Commission, which is to study conditions that will prevail during the period when the nation is passing from the state of war to the state of peace. The Commission is divided into two sub-commissions, the first dealing with juridical, administrative and local questions, and the second with economic questions. The Central Commission is under the presidency of S. Orlando, and the sub-commissions under Senator Scialoja and S. Pantano, respectively.

The sub-commissions are divided into twenty-seven sections, as follows: (1) juridical international questions, (2) revision of war legislation, (3) regulation of administrative functions and taxes in the provinces and communes, (4) State administration, (5) reconstruction of invaded provinces, (6) financial provisions, (7) colonial questions, (8) private rights, (9) rights arising from obligations taken on themselves by the members of the Entente, (10) social legislation, (11) problems concerning worship, (12) military justice, (13) agricultural production, (14) industrial production, (15) hydraulic and electrical forces, (16) co-operation and labor, (17) credit, (18) commerce, (19) mercantile marine and

naval works, (20) communication and transportation, (21) public works, (22) emigration, (23) professional and art studies, (24) social hygiene, (25) civil assistance, (26) demobilization, (27) *provincia irredente*. The Commission is made up of about 600 members, among whom are eighty-eight senators and 135 deputies, many functionaries of the State, representatives of industrial pursuits and the liberal professions, and a number of women. An attempt has been made to satisfy all parties, but the Socialists have been shown an evident partiality.

Mexico.—Dissatisfaction and consequent turbulence are still common in Mexico. Sometimes the prevalent discontent manifests itself in unexpected ways, as is apparent from these abstracts from *National Unrest* a manifesto recently circulated in Pueblo:

The Government is for the most part composed of elements that are neither honorable nor efficient. It is altogether unpopular, its mandates are ill-considered, and very often opposed to the law. Señor Venustiano Carranza, head of the Government, is lacking in practical wisdom, whatever his pretensions. He has no strength of character and mistakes obstinacy for that quality. He permits, tolerates, and even suggests misdeeds of every kind in order to keep his hold on the men who support him in his post. No reliance can be placed on his promises, as is proved by the way he deceived the public first by the Vera Cruz affair . . . and again by the "Plan of Guadalupe," and by the fake elections. He acted in the same way towards companies and private individuals. The public in general, and the middle classes in particular are in great misery: some few there are who are growing rich under the shadow of the Government, by tolerating immorality and by other illicit means. Work is scarce, because property, industry, and native and foreign capital have been systematically destroyed, and because there is no security. Civilians, and still more the military, commit assaults of all kinds with impunity, because the central Government is not only weak but also immoral.

Amongst the troops themselves there is much discontent and many chiefs are awaiting an opportunity to abandon the Government, which has few munitions of war and little money. The great majority of the people do not pay their taxes because they are illegal and ruinous. Public opinion is entirely adverse to the Government, expresses a profound hatred for it, collectively, and individually for the elements which compose it. The moment is approaching when this hatred will break out in a violent and overwhelming form, destroying native and foreign lives and interests.

The revolt against the Government has mustered approximately 300,000 men, for the most part badly armed, with few guns or ammunition, and little money; otherwise they would already have overthrown this régime. The principal chiefs are united under the flag of the Constitution of 1857, determined not to lay down their arms until the evil which afflicts the country has been done away with. These chiefs, in arms against the Government, are in agreement with a respectable group of competent men, beloved and appreciated in all classes of society, working together in perfect harmony, without distinction of politics or religious beliefs, fully determined to lead the country along the path of order and true progress, giving protection to all interests created under the true, legitimate laws of the country. For while it may be true that these laws require some reforms, these must be carried out with wisdom and justice by the employment of

the legal methods already established, and on a basis of the fullest respect for acquired rights.

The humanitarian, honorable, and sensible course to take for the benefit of natives and foreigners alike is to support and aid these chiefs to succeed in overthrowing the usurping and anti-Constitutional Government of Señor Venustiano Carranza and his followers, so that a representative Government may be promptly established, one whose acts will be moral, conscientious, above all things just.

The peaceful inhabitants of all the towns are ready to support such a Government, not only with money but also with arms. The whole country is tired of civil war, and desires to put a stop to the anarchy and the immorality which are consuming the nation.

A letter from AMERICA'S correspondent in Mexico bears out most of the above contention. It reads in part as follows:

The unfortunate Government is morally and materially ruined: many of the officials are so corrupt that they can be bought for small sums of money. The country is dissatisfied and restless: twenty-four States are nursing grievances. Even the Germans, whose Government is in sympathy with ours, despise this régime, although they would like to provoke a conflict between Mexico and the United States, in order to distract your attention from the European war. Mexico hates the new and intolerable Constitution, and is anxious for a general amnesty, religious liberty and cooperation with the Allies.

Poland.—The appointment of Mgr. Ratti, Apostolic Delegate to Poland, has aroused a great deal of enthusiasm among the Polish people. Both clergy and people vie with each other in manifesting to the Holy See, in the person of its official representative, every mark of respect, and his visitation of the dioceses has been marked by the most filial and devoted expressions of attachment to the Holy Father. One of the most important of the results of his mission has been the decision, taken by the Polish episcopate, to found a Catholic university at Warsaw on the plan of the Catholic universities at Louvain, Paris and Washington. Already the general outlines of the scheme have been formulated by Mgr. de Ropp, Archbishop of Vilna and formerly member of the Duma. These tentative plans will be submitted for approval at an early date to the Bishops of Poland and later to the Pope.

Hitherto the only institute of higher education for the Polish ecclesiastics has been the Academy of Petrograd, which, owing to the distance from Poland and the rigid supervision of the imperial bureaucracy, did not and could not attract many of the Polish priests, failing, as it did, to correspond to the needs of clergy or the wishes of the Holy See. The project of the new university which is to be situated at Warsaw, has received a warm welcome from both clergy and laity, and already between four and five million dollars have been subscribed for the foundation. The Academy of Petrograd will continue to exist, but it will be used to meet the needs of the Catholics of Russia. In order to give an added impulse to the religious movement in Poland the Holy Father has appointed six new titular bishops.

John Cardinal Farley

JOHN C. REVILLE, S.J.

ON the afternoon of Wednesday, November 29, 1911, His Holiness Pope Pius X imposed the cardinalitial berretta on their Eminences Cardinals Falconio, di Belmonte, Farley, Bourne, Amette, O'Connell, Dubillard, de Cabrières, Bisleti, Lugari, Pompili, Billot, and van Rossum. In answer to the address in which Cardinal Falconio, the dean of the newly created Princes of the Church, thanked the Holy Father for the honor conferred on them, the Pope referred to the enthusiasm with which the appointment of the American Cardinals had been greeted by the people of the United States, and the popular demonstrations which had accompanied their departure for Rome. He thus expressed his happiness and his hope, when turning to the newly appointed American Cardinals, he said:

The enthusiasm with which the news of your elevation to the Sacred College was received, the demonstrations which were made for you by all classes of citizens, the acclamations, accompanied with blessings, wishes and affectionate greetings on your departure from New York and Boston, and finally your triumphant voyage across the ocean protected by the Papal flag, afford me not only hope, but certainty that the Lord on your return will multiply the fruits of your Apostolate, and that over the hospitable land which receives all peoples of the world, and with well-ordered liberty provides for the universal well-being, the Lord will reign and His glory will shine therein.

On the heart of one of the hearers, the good shepherd whose loss the archdiocese of New York now mourns, these words made a deep impression. He quoted them among the very first sentences which he spoke in St. Patrick's Cathedral on his return from the Eternal City. The priestly heart of John Farley could not but be responsive to the unsolicited manifestations of joy of his own flock and of those outside the fold over the great honor conferred upon him when he was appointed to the College of Cardinals. But his soul was above any thought of worldly honor or prestige which such a position might give. A supreme honor had been conferred upon him; that would only enlarge his influence and opportunities and add a brighter flame to his pastoral zeal. Like Pius X, he had but one hope, that on the return to the land so beautifully described by the Holy Father as the land of a generous hospitality, the land of well-ordered liberty, he might more fully, more chivalrously, even than before, were that possible, carry out the ideals for which from his boyhood days he had ever striven.

In the lives of those men who work especially for God there is a wonderful unity. That unity we find in the life of John Cardinal Farley. It was not without a special meaning that the Papal flag floated at the masthead of the ship that bore him across the seas to receive from the hands of Pius X the insignia of his office. It was a long time since that flag had been seen on the highways of the ocean. It was a splendid augury that on one of the

rare occasions when it floated there in the last half-century it should be unfurled over an American Cardinal whose whole life as priest, bishop and Prince of the Church was one continued act of loyalty to the Chair of Peter, whose one dream from childhood to the last hours of his pastoral duties in the greatest diocese in the western world, was to extend the kingdom of God and the love of the Church of Rome and of Christ in the hearts of men.

John Farley was essentially a priestly soul. It is as a priest that he will especially be remembered. He had great gifts. Breadth of view, a thorough understanding of the problems of the day, administrative qualities of the highest order—these he had, and used for the noblest ends. With a thorough grasp of the intellectual problems of the hour, he looked at them steadily and calmly. But he refused to depart from the solutions which his Faith, his training, his clear mind, his varied experience of men and things had taught him were absolutely correct and sound. In abstract reasoning, in purely metaphysical questions, in theories as such, he had little interest. Yet he was keenly logical, and an accomplished scholar. But his one passion in life was to deal with the hearts, the souls, the lives of men. He was practical in all things. He socialized his gifts of mind and heart, his innate love of virtue and truth, his sincere and tender piety. Ornaments of his own life, they were the source and the explanation of his influence and his power.

The dead Cardinal spoke the truth when he told his people that his life among them for fifty years as student and priest was an open book. The record he wrought and wrote with his hands and his life, was one of labor, prayer, humility, unselfishness and unceasing fidelity to duty. He could truthfully say that the holy priesthood was the only honor which he had ever ambitioned. Honors came quickly to him. They pursued this gentle cleric and priest from the days when he was a student in St. Maccartan's College in his beloved Ireland, and later at St. John's, Fordham, to the hour when after years as priest and pastor he was made auxiliary Bishop of New York, then Archbishop and finally Cardinal.

When these high honors came to him they found the shepherd in the midst of his labors. It was thus that the Pope's ambassadors had found St. Bonaventure in the humblest duties of the monastery when they carried to him a cardinal's hat. The whole priestly life of the late Cardinal was passed within the limits of the archdiocese of New York. With the City of New York, its life, its activities, its marvelous growth, its problems, some of them more puzzling than the questions that face many a populous republic and kingdom, he was intimately acquainted. He loved its people, many-tribed and many-tongued. For the energy, the manhood, the push, the

epically audacious economic and business enterprise of her citizens, he had the greatest admiration. To America and the American constitution, to America's aims and purpose in the war, he was unflinchingly loyal. The governors of the State, the mayors of the city, its professional, business and literary men time and again expressed their admiration for him in heartfelt and sincere words, praises which filled his heart with gratitude. In the course of his long and useful life in the great city, New York learned to reverence and love this unworldly priest, who had but one desire, to rule his flock as a true and holy bishop, and to let those outside of his fold know that if they did not consider him their spiritual father, he looked upon them all as his friends.

John Farley was essentially a man of the sanctuary. He was absolutely unworldly. As a young priest, when assistant at New Brighton, Staten Island, he gave evidence of the strong and tender piety, the mental and spiritual equilibrium, the zeal which ever marked him. For twelve years as secretary to Cardinal McCloskey he was unconsciously preparing himself for the duties which one day were to be his in the position then occupied by the first American Cardinal whom he so loyally served. For eighteen years he was pastor of St. Gabriel's, in the very heart of the city he loved, daily in contact with the warm heart's blood of the people, keenly alive to their spiritual, social, educational wants, providing for their children and their poor, always giving the example of an untiring, successful and zealous shepherd of the flock of Christ. In 1891 he was appointed Vicar-General of the archdiocese. Immediately the force of his zeal, his unusual administrative capacity, his practical insight into the complex workings of the vast organization under his control, showed the true worth of the man. Made Auxiliary Bishop in 1895, he found a still larger field for his energies, his talents and his powers. On the occasion of Archbishop Corrigan's episcopal silver jubilee he raised \$300,000 to clear from debt the diocesan seminary at Dunwoodie. In 1902 he was appointed Archbishop of New York, in 1911 he was created a Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church.

When Leo XIII, who knew men and looked quite through their deeds, appointed Bishop Farley to the archdiocese of New York, he knew the pastor and the flock. He realized that the man of his choice was to rule one of the greatest and one of the most thoroughly Catholic sees in the world. Within its limits almost all the tongues of man are spoken. Problems that would tax the brains of the greatest educational, financial, social, clerical and administrative experts must be faced almost daily in the chancellery of its first pastor. The Pope was convinced that John Farley would solve them. He was convinced that when difficulties would arise he would not betray his duties or be false to his trust. If the newly appointed Archbishop trembled at the thought that he would have to wear the mantle of Archbishop Hughes, "the hero" and the champion of the rights and liberties of the

Church; of Cardinal McCloskey, "the sage," and of Archbishop Corrigan, "the saint," the keen-sighted Leo was absolutely confident that the newly appointed prelate could successfully tread in the path of such illustrious predecessors. To use the words of one of his priests addressed to the Cardinal after his return from the Eternal City: "To have held this portion of the garden of the Lord at the point of fertility and productiveness to which they had brought it, would in itself have been a great achievement." Cardinal Farley did more. Not only did he suffer "no flower or fruit or tree or shrub to wither and decay," but he "added to their beauty, their number and their variety."

The splendid administrative abilities of the Cardinal Archbishop of New York were mustered into the service of the noblest of causes. He had grown up with the archdiocese. He realized its needs. As a country and city pastor he had seen the needs of the clergy. He loved his priests. They repaid his love with theirs and added to it their unfailing loyalty. For the younger members of the clergy he had a special affection. Cathedral College, Dunwoodie Seminary, where the future priests of the archdiocese undergo their training for their life's work, were especially dear to him. He insisted that the American priest should ever be the man of culture and refinement, fully equipped for the manifold duties of his office. He still more emphasized the fact that he should ever be a man of prayer, a man of heroic self-denial, spotless in life and conduct. If he prayed for the greater spiritualization and sanctification of his devoted priests, he gave them above everything else the inspiring example of his own lofty ideals and childlike piety and faith.

Cardinal Farley was little given to the arts of self-advertising. He was modest and self-effacing. Yet he was a man of keen mental vision and eminently practical. He grasped a situation, saw a problem to be worked out, and calmly set about realizing his ideals or his dream. There were gaps and shortcomings in our Catholic educational system. He endeavored to stop them and to improve our methods. He gave his intelligent and loyal support to the Catholic University at Washington. He improved the parochial school system. An alumnus of St. John's, Fordham, he remained one of her most loyal sons and an advocate of the sterling education which his Alma Mater and her sister colleges uphold. As a young priest, as a pastor in St. Gabriel's, he had suffered with the poor. Out of his own scanty resources he had often relieved their wants. His gentle and sympathetic nature, his warm Celtic heart, throbbed in unison with their sorrows. He was ever their friend. The St. Vincent de Paul Society and its American Ozanam, the lamented Thomas Mulry, found in him not only an adviser but a champion. The spiritual director for many years of that society, he infused into that body an enthusiasm and a zeal, and gave evidence of an intelligent and practical insight into the needs of the poor which might well make the study of the best social workers. When the "Cath-

olic Encyclopedia" was planned he gave it his wholehearted approval. It was launched under his patronage, and he never wavered for a moment through many a crisis in his confidence in its final triumph.

Head of a great diocese, he worked for its financial, religious, educational welfare. Thanks to him, St. Patrick's Cathedral was freed from debt. Successful in relieving the diocesan seminary at Dunwoodie from a heavy financial burden, he was still more so when he collected almost a million for the noblest sacred edifice in the United States and saw it solemnly consecrated to God. He was undoubtedly a great administrator. He was more. He was in all things a priest and a shepherd. He was all-embracing in his sympathy for his flock. For the blind, the deaf, the dumb, the children whose schools he multiplied nearly fifty per cent, for the homeless orphan, he had a special care. His heart was open to every appeal, his hands were ready for any task. In John Farley, priest, Bishop and Cardinal, political corruption, socialism, the gilded immoralities of the stage,

found a fearless opponent; the sanctities of the hearth and home, a white-robed and dauntless champion.

"A priest above all things"—such is the tribute which John Farley in his "Life of John Cardinal McCloskey" pays to his illustrious predecessor in the see of New York. Cardinal Farley was pre-eminently that. Wearing the white flower of a blameless life, while mingling with the world he kept his priestly robes unstained by any taint of worldliness. Differing in many respects from his three immediate predecessors, he was worthy to be counted on the roll of the great bishops who in the greatest city of the western world have done so much for the welfare of their fellow citizens and for the spread of the kingdom of God. The splendid example of his blameless and holy life will not be lost on the mighty city which the dead Cardinal loved. In the midst of hurrying throngs, amidst the hum of the traffic and the sound of passing feet he sleeps under the arches of his noble cathedral. It is a fit resting place for the good Cardinal of New York.

Publicity for the People

RICHARD A. MUTTKOWSKI, Ph.D.

PUBLICITY ordinarily covers two types of dissemination of knowledge. There is the transient phase called news and the more permanent or staple phase called literature. The first concerns itself with the current events of the world, the other is concerned with what we might call the past, with past achievements and experiences and the conclusions to be drawn therefrom.

Mr. Williams, in several important articles in recent numbers of AMERICA, has outlined a splendid Catholic news program, devolving upon a central news bureau and various types of releases in the way of Catholic news items. Into this same plan the leaflet service of AMERICA, the Truth Society, and others may be easily fitted, for these are concerned with topics of immediate interest.

There follows the field of literature, concerned with more permanent knowledge, such as philosophy, religion, economics, sociology, and history, published in books and higher class magazines.

Before I proceed, let me state that the shelves of libraries are filled with hundreds of volumes on Catholic topics, but that these books are rarely read. There must be a reason for this. I have in mind, especially books of a popular and polemical nature. As for the others, the splendid works on philosophy, sociology, education, religion, and sacred topics, these are not for popular consumption; and not intended for that purpose. As a result, the vast mass of this literature is utterly unknown to the average Catholic, not that Catholics are not willing to read, but because the books are too technical for the man of average education. The conclusion may be drawn that if Catholics do not read these books the non-Catholics surely will not do so.

Now the everyday man is intensely interested in all topics of life. He desires especially to know "the whence and the whither" around which religion centers. Each man wishes to have these mysteries solved. Philosophers have tried to solve them since the beginning of man, and to this day even the meanest of men has his thoughtful moments when he ponders these questions. He desires certainty and wishes to obtain it in a manner both comprehensible and comprehensive. To adduce an instance: take the argument on evolution. In this case the truth of my statement that the public desires enlightenment, is attested by the popularity of books like London's "Before Adam," the ridiculous Tarzan series by Burroughs, the books of Wells and many others. Dilettante in scientific matters, it is true, but they have aided tremendously to spread the Darwinian explanation of evolution. For the novel is one of the chief means of presenting certain principles in an attractive, simple, and even drastic manner. It is, as stated, not an authoritative means, although the popular mind is apt to regard it as authoritative.

To continue this illustration from the field of biology. Father Eric Wasmann's "Modern Biology" was written to correct and refute the exorbitant claims of evolutionary philosophy. The book is splendidly written, highly meritorious, and thoroughly scientific. Yet priests and educated Catholics who have read it have confessed that it is above their understanding. It is written by a scientist and an appreciation of it postulates a technical training of years. Aside from the clergy and an occasional biologist none reads the book, despite its importance, for the simple reason that it is hard to understand.

Yet Catholics, at least, educated Catholics, ought to know the evolutionary argument well, for evolution is the only philosophy that receives any consideration, aside from that given scholasticism and the momentary popular fad. On the other hand, take the enduring vogue of Haeckel's popular exposition of Darwinism, to whose principles our foremost enemy has wholly committed himself. Its popularity is based on the factors of simplicity and obviousness. In fact, the success of the Darwinian argument lies in its seeming simplicity: the people do not appreciate that simplicity may be apparent, and not real. It is thus with Darwinism, whose simple perfection is that of a mirage.

Now, the moral of this is not that such books are popular, or that the public taste is unreliable, but that the people are interested in whence and whither and seek the solution of the mysteries. There is a thirst for information on these vital topics and man aims to satisfy himself in the most direct manner. That the sources of drink are polluted, is not necessarily the fault of the people. But this much is indicated by their action: the throbbing, all-absorbing question is the central problem of life, the beginning and end of man, and evolutionists have offered a solution which the popular mind is only too willing to accept. Not only that, the educated mind has accepted it. Scientists these days are very careful not to accept a simple theory: there was a time, in the heyday of Spencerian dogmatism, when simplicity was the chief outcome of the value of any hypothesis or theory. But that day is past. Scientists have discovered that the so-called simple phenomena are tremendously complex. Nowadays they regard a simple or obvious explanation with deserved suspicion. Thus, they quickly discovered that the simplicity of Darwinism was a delusion. But the popular mind has not been taught to discriminate.

In the field of evolution Catholic literature for popular consumption is negligible. Catholic books on religion are accessible and easy of comprehension, although they usually assume a belief in a personal Creator and proceed

from that standpoint. Better, in many cases at least, to prove the existence of God and then continue the apology. However, perhaps, this would be of little use. For how many read these books? This question carries the burden of my paper. I wish to emphasize that on the whole too little attention is given to the popular phase of "staple" publicity. Except for leaflets and sacred writings staple literature is written primarily for the educated mind and has little popular appeal. This is especially the case with books on evolutionary topics and their philosophical applications. It is little use to evade these topics. Catholic writers can and should write on them for popular consumption. Evolution and its philosophical applications have been so widely accepted that it is essential that Catholic propaganda should include them in its scope. Nor is this the only phase of the problem that needs popular discussion. Only recently we have gone through a wave of sexualism in popular literature, one of the periodical waves, and the present wave has not yet receded. It seems to me desirable that Catholics should take part in this propaganda, of course, not to further it, but to provide a healthy antidote. As stated, it is of little use to evade the issues. I am referring to actual facts. Such issues are prominent in the popular mind and call for discussion. Any person mixing with men, young and old, educated and uneducated, knows the fascination that the topics of sex, evolution, and religion exercise over the popular mind. So closely linked are they in the minds of people that pagan educators assert that the origin of religion is the sexual instinct. The popular mind has been contaminated by this propaganda and it is needful to set it aright.

These are the issues I would specify in publicity for the people: religion, sex, and evolution. News and leaflet service are transient in character, while the enumerated topics form the permanent "staple" points of interest and are of vastly more importance, since they strike at the center of things. The need exists. Why fear to approach it? The demand is there. Why not supply it in a Catholic manner?

The Woman Labor Problem

JOSEPH HUSSLEIN, S.J.

THE problem of woman labor has become of permanent interest and importance. The world war has but lent to it an added significance. It is a strictly modern problem. The industrial work of women in the Middle Ages was usually confined to assisting father or husband in the home, which was often likewise the workshop of the master tradesman. Yet this was a limited and casual occupation, since there was other work for woman's hands to do.

It is true none the less that women often held a place in the trade guilds and there is mention even of a guild of women goldsmiths. It was a craft calling for delicate

skill rather than strength, and woman's nimble fingers might therefore ply it with special success. Guild regulations in general did not overlook the wives and daughters of the guildsmen. They were to uphold the honor and good repute of the organization and in return to receive its fullest protection during the life of the guildsman and particularly after his death. The only person who might conduct a trade by proxy was the widow who desired to continue her husband's business. She was permitted to transfer the master-work which this implied to a paid workman.

The first oppressive labor statutes against women that

have come to the writer's notice were those enacted by a woman. They are contained in the labor code of Queen Elizabeth, known as "5 Eliz. cap. 4," and admirably illustrate the summary way in which labor difficulties were settled in the post-Reformation day. A servant problem had evidently arisen with the increase of wealth and luxury on the part of the rich, and the deep and hopeless depression of the laboring classes that followed upon the Reformation. To supply the desired number of domestic servants it was enacted by Queen Elizabeth that unmarried women between the ages of twelve and forty years could be assigned by the magistrates to service at such wages as these magistrates should determine. If a woman refused she was to be committed to ward until she consented. The delicate prison attention bestowed upon such recalcitrants in the days of "Good Queen Bess" did not encourage any hunger strikes. In practice women might thus be turned over as bondslaves to any employer, against both their own wish and the will of their parents or guardians, to labor for any wages the magistrate might assign. There was no merciful limit set to the hours of labor or the nature of the work that might be imposed upon them.

Woman's more general entrance into the industrial field, outside of the home or apart from domestic service, was to follow upon the invention of machinery. Not that the actual conditions which then came about were necessitated by this invention, but because labor had been handed over to the merciless greed of capital under a system that was no longer influenced by the saving principles of the Catholic Church. Woman consequently was to be exploited in common with man, and even her helpless little ones were not to be spared by "the greedy speculators," as Pope Leo XIII wrote, "who use human beings as mere instruments for money-making."

For generations woman was to furnish the "cheap labor" of the world. She was to be placed in competition, not merely with men and with her own sex, but with the newly invented machinery itself. It was often found less expensive to employ the deft hands of woman labor than to purchase the costly devices of the modern era of industry. In a million sweat shops and a million homes the song of the shirt was repeated from early morning until late at night: "Work! work! work!" till the brain began to swim and the eyes grew heavy and dim. Far better had been the condition of woman even under the earlier serfdom which the Church had slowly worn away by the power of her doctrine, which insists that man and woman should be equally free in Christ.

While the new form of sweated labor did not elevate woman, it degraded man through her. It brought about that other equally modern problem of unemployment, and clogged the labor market with starving men and women ready to slave for any pittance. Wages were accordingly depressed. Often an entire family, husband, wife and little children labored for a wage far less than was due to the father of the family alone. We need not go be-

yond the United States for illustrations. Thus in the summary of a New York State factory investigation some few years before the war we find the following statement in a clipping made at the time from an A. F. of L. *News Letter*:

Testimony has been adduced which shows that in many instances the children were compelled to work or the entire family would face starvation. It was shown that the price of the necessities of life are higher than ever before in the history of the United States, and the earnings of the tenement dwellers so low that, even with the entire family working, the average was only seven dollars a week. The stories related under oath are almost unbelievable in their recital of hunger and misery. They deal with women working side by side with men in iron foundries, performing tasks far beyond their strength, and subject to sudden changes in temperature which result in many instances in fatal diseases; of women working nine to fourteen hours nightly in factories and mills, and of mere children working in canneries until long into the night. Babies of eighteen months are being trained to sort out artificial petals, and children of tender age, some less than five years, are being used to take advantage of the Christmas holidays to dress dolls, extract meat from nuts, etc.

"It's, oh, to be a slave along with the barbarous Turk," if this is Christian work. Child labor is closely connected with oppressive woman labor, and is based upon the same pagan philosophy which the Holy Scripture described as especially peculiar to the men of the generation in which Christ was to be born: "The things which are weak are found to be nothing worth."

With the mother forced to sweated labor, the child was soon obliged to help her. The poor mother entering the factory, the child was made to follow. It was the condition against which Pope Leo raised his voice and against which Cardinal Manning so strongly wrote long before our Child and Woman labor laws had in any effective way remedied this barbarism. Men complain, wrote the great Cardinal in his comment on the Labor Encyclical, that employers prefer the cheaper work of women, and women are finding that employers prefer the cheaper work of children. "It is the old formula of modern political economy, 'Sell in the dearest market, and buy in the cheapest.' What is cheaper than the work of women and half-timers?" A normal state of wage-earning should not merely put the wife back into the home into the midst of her children, as he says, but likewise protect the home itself against the encroachments of that greed to which nothing is sacred. Here is a picture of child labor as a modern social poet faithfully presents it. Facts such as these have helped much to make our Socialists and anarchists:

Lisabetta, Marianina, Fiametta, Teresina,
They are winding stems of roses, one by one, one by one,
Little children who have never learned to play;
Teresina softly crying that her fingers ache today;
Tiny Fiametta nodding when the twilight slips in, gray,
High above the clattering street, ambulance and fire-gong beat,
They sit, curling crimson petals, one by one, one by one. . . .
They have never seen a rose bush nor a dew drop in the sun.

Thus for the sake of the unholy dollar were mothers and children alike oppressed and their souls and bodies

left blighted and stunted. What rendered the problem doubly difficult was the fact that both women and children were often prepared to enter into conspiracy with their sweated-labor bosses to evade the provisions of the law when this had at last been enacted. But what were they to do? They must live, and too often the law had failed to provide for this. It was still less possible to organize such women. The organization of all woman labor has everywhere been extremely difficult and, unfortunately, radicalism often played a dominant part where such organization was achieved.

Labor unionism has for its own self-protection earnestly worked at the total elimination of child-slavery and of the unnatural conditions and interminable hours of woman labor, and with no slight success. It has particularly fought to secure for women the same wages that are accorded to men at the same labor. Here too its purpose has been self-protection. It has sought to reduce still further the existing competition and to guard the wages of male labor. An equal wage should, however, imply an equal service. "The standard of wages hitherto prevailing for men," says the United States war program, "should not be lowered where women render equivalent services."

As regards the enactment of minimum wage laws we must, however, clearly distinguish between the lowest wage that may be paid to the adult woman and that which may be paid to the adult male laborer. The former must receive no less than an individual wage which will suffice to support her independently of any external assistance. Though there are some girls who work for "pin money" or clothing, cumulative evidence shows that the vast majority are aiding in the support of a family or are living alone, exclusively dependent on their earnings. But while the adult woman worker should receive at the least a living wage, the adult male laborer should receive no less than a full family wage. This will either enable him to marry or to support, in Christian decency, the wife and children whom God has already given him. "The minimum wage," says Cardinal Manning, "must be sufficient to maintain a man and his home. This does not mean a variable measure, or a sliding scale according to the number of children, but a fixed average sum."

We have here dealt mainly with what may be regarded as the historical aspect of the question and have touched upon certain phases only of this great problem. In the following article still other fundamental considerations to which this subject gives rise at the present time will be considered in greater detail.

The War Record of English Catholics

H. C. WATTS

THE idea that is prevalent throughout the world that England is one of the great Protestant Powers is responsible, to a very large extent, for the fact that the war record of English Catholics has by no means received the attention it deserves. While the State religion of Great Britain is undoubtedly

Protestantism, it is nevertheless true that throughout the extent of the British Empire Catholics generally experience a freedom, and absence of molestation on the part of the Government that is often in contrast to the treatment meted out in some of the so-called Catholic countries.

Many of the Irish regiments in the British army are composed very largely of Catholics. The same is probably true of some of the overseas regiments. But too often there seems to be little or no recognition of the fact that in the English and Welsh regiments there are Catholics also. In England and Wales there are approximately 1,890,018 Catholics, of which number 76,764 are in the two dioceses of Wales.

There are no official figures published as to the religious strength of the different denominations in the British army. But certain percentages are made known from time to time, and from these it is possible to get a rough idea of the number of fighting men belonging to any given denomination. If these ratios can claim to have any statistical accuracy, then it would seem that in the English and Welsh regiments there are serving some 490,000 men who profess the Catholic religion. The number is not high when compared, for example, with the large percentage of Catholics in the American army. But even so it is splendid, for it shows that twenty-five per cent. of the total Catholic population of England and Wales are under arms in the service of their country.

At the outbreak of the war there were some fifteen Catholic chaplains attached to the army. Of these, Bishop Keating, who holds the rank of brigadier-general, is Catholic Chaplain-General to the Forces and *Episcopus Castrensis*, under the title of Bishop of Meletopolis. Of the remaining original fifteen Catholic chaplains there are two of the first class with the rank of colonel; four of the second class with the rank of lieutenant-colonel; three of the third class with the rank of major, and five of the fifth class with the rank of captain. These are chaplains who hold permanent commissions, whether in peace or war.

When hostilities began, the supply of Catholic chaplains was found to be inadequate for the spiritual needs of the men, and the War Office asked the Bishops to provide an additional number of priests who would be temporarily commissioned as chaplains. Each chaplain receives the military pay and allowances of his army rank, and he is provided by the War Office with a portable altar and everything necessary for the celebration of Mass on the field. The War Office also provides prayer books for the Catholic soldiers, which are printed by the Government Stationery Office. The whole Catholic priesthood of England and Wales is 3,952, and of this number 450, or about eleven per cent, are serving with the forces; 250 are from the ranks of the secular clergy, while the remaining 200 are volunteers from the religious Orders.

Although the honor of giving the first chaplain of any religious denomination to lay down his life on the field of battle cannot be claimed by any one of the English or Welsh regiments, it was nevertheless a Catholic chaplain of the British army, Father Finn, serving with the First Royal Dublin Fusiliers, who was killed by Turkish guns at Gallipoli in 1915. Since that date a constant succession of Catholic priests have suffered wounds and death in their devotion to duty. Again, the first chaplain of the British Expeditionary Force to be wounded on the western front was neither an Englishman nor a Welshman; he was an Irishman, Father Gwynn, S.J., attached to the Irish Guards which has its depot in England, who died of wounds received in the battle of Loos in 1915. It was, however, a Welsh priest, Canon Gwydir of Swansea, in South Wales, who gave his life for the wounded when the hospital ship *Rohilla* was sunk off the Yorkshire coast in October, 1914. In 1917 six Catholic chaplains of England and Wales died in action, or of wounds received in action, and during the present year no fewer than five priests serving with the English and Welsh regiments have suffered death in the performance of their duty. When

the hospital ship 'Glenart Castle' was torpedoed by the Germans in the early part of this year, among those who lost their lives was Father Mellvaine, chaplain to the forces, who was not attached to an English regiment, but to the Eleventh Royal Dublin Fusiliers.

Many of the chaplains have been wounded or gassed, and several have been taken prisoners by the enemy. For their bravery the Catholic chaplains have received the highest military honors, save the Victoria Cross. Bishop Keating is Commander of the Order of SS. Michael and George, as well as *Officier de la Legion d'Honneur*. Three chaplains have received the Commandership of the Order of SS. Michael and George, and ten have been awarded the Military Cross, while the number of those who are honorably mentioned in dispatches for distinguished devotion to duty increases weekly.

From every rank in life the Catholics of England and Wales, equally with their fellow-Catholics of Ireland and Scotland, have rallied to the flag, and, except for one known instance, the Catholic conscientious objector has yet to be discovered. The record of the Catholic colleges, too, is one of splendid patriotism. Stonyhurst, the Jesuit college, has an average of 420 boys on its list of students. Its record in the war for past and present students is: Serving in the forces, 916; killed, 116; died of wounds or disease, 10; missing, 12; wounded, 176; prisoners of war, 42. The alumni of Stonyhurst have received 133 war honors, and three have received the highly-prized Victoria Cross. The Distinguished Service Order has been awarded to 22 alumni, and the Military Cross to 60. Individual alumni have received war honors from the Governments of France, Belgium, Russia, Serbia and Italy.

Beaumont College, which also is conducted by the Jesuits, has a student roll of 200 boys. Of its alumni 540 are serving in the army; 100 have been killed, 5 have died of wounds or sickness; 108 have been wounded, and 4 have been taken prisoners of war; 131 old students have received honors, including the Military Orders of Knighthood, and 194 have been mentioned for distinguished service in the dispatches of the generals commanding-in-chief.

Ushaw College, which is a descendant of Cardinal Allen's Foundation at Douay in 1568, is of a more ecclesiastical character, yet its chapel and lecture rooms have many a seat made empty by the war. Of its alumni there are 554 in the service; 46 have died in action, while 72 have been wounded or gassed. Of the priests who claim Ushaw as their *Alma Mater* no fewer than 68 are serving with the armies as military chaplains. "A visitor to the college," says the college magazine, "who looked down upon the chapel from the rood screen could scarcely fail to be struck by the rows of empty places in the benches beneath; and if he happened to be present at meditation his surprise would be all the greater. Then it is that we realize how many of our students are away in the army."

The list is not exhaustive. It makes no mention of the glorious sacrifice made by Ireland and Scotland, of Clongowes, with 551 students serving with the forces, or of the war record of the Catholic colleges of Scotland. It is merely a rough attempt to show that the Catholics of England and Wales, who number nearly 2,000,000 all told, have, if official percentages lie not, about one-quarter of their whole number fighting in arms side by side with their fellow-Catholics of all the allied nations.

The Dramatic Ascendancy of Mars

JOHN B. KENNEDY

DESPITE his rather insufficient shirt of mail, Mars has brought an angle of uplift to the dramatic offerings of the current season. The war plays, unquestionably, appeal to an instinct as primitive as that which the sex melodramas exploit, for, granted efficient provocation and deficient moral

balance, human impulse will just as speedily urge one to covet one's neighbor's throat as to covet one's neighbor's wife. And while the shielding cloak of patriotism protects those who nominally break the fifth commandment it has very little that is positive protection to throw about the sixth.

"Friendly Enemies" and "Allegiance" are the early birds of the patriotic theatrical procession, and they catch the most blasé worms. Both plays are built upon the same theme; the psychological tug of war that was supposed to take place within every German-American personal equation, when Uncle Sam stripped off the cumbersome tailed coat that hampers his progress through cartoons, rolled up his spectacular shirt sleeves and took his place in the allied corner of the international prize ring.

Capable actors have been assigned to the roles in both plays. In "Allegiance" the gentleman who plays the part of an amiable Prussian spy in the American army is particularly hate-worthy. His head is handsome, blonde and porcupinish; his voice is rich and deep and he lies with the zest of a truly Prussian nobleman. But his clever machinations with the affections of a Germanophile American banker are ruined, so far as realism is concerned, by melodramatic juggling with the inevitable "papers." There is also a stiff scene in "Allegiance" when the old Americanized native of Heidelberg hears about the sinking of the Lusitania. Knowing the satisfaction with which that tragedy was received, at the time of its commission, in such centers of kultur as beer gardens and rathskellers, it is difficult to imagine how any transplanted Teuton could have been shocked into paralytic seizure by it.

In "Friendly Enemies" we see the amusing and somewhat sentimental process by which a stubborn old German is persuaded that the Potsdam clique are not the best possible prescription for the national health of Germany. Melodrama in "Friendly Enemies" is at a minimum and characterization at a maximum, with the result that in deft hands the play is both entertaining and convincing. President Wilson, who ought to be well-informed regarding the state of German-American feeling both before and after our appearance at Armageddon, is quoted as awarding high endorsement to "Friendly Enemies," and as Señor Carranza is just now giving our Chief Executive a demonstration of the subtle literary possibilities contained in the term "friendly enemy," we may assume that when the President expresses satisfaction with the play he does so on his own not-inconsiderable recognizances as a critic.

The tang of war atmosphere pervades, also, one of the cleverest pieces ever produced in New York, "Three Faces East." Here we have the good, old-fashioned recipe for blood-stirring and hair-raising, cooked to perfection, ending in what might be termed a zipbangish surprise. There are handsome, accomplished spies, who employ rapid elocution and violate the Sullivan act with the imperturbability with which your new-school problem-play Adonis crumples up his or somebody else's marriage vows. Of course, our brave, fearless, keen-witted, quick-footed, hard-hitting and so forth secret service men secure what are popularly known as the goods before the curtain and the modern substitute for the guillotine descend upon the knaves and confound their politics, which are not in any way designed upon regular party lines, unless you happen to belong to the party that is having an unusually hard pull into office.

"Under Orders" has other contents besides martial trappings to make it a freak play. During the entire performance, substantially over two hours, but two actors appear, taking four roles, or, if we must be technical (and there is no earthly reason why we must) "doubling." A German mother is related to an American mother, so each mother's son, so far as the author's purpose is concerned, might just as well have been twin to the other. Shrewd plot construction and excellent acting smooth over the obvious gaps in probability, certain situations in the piece being so exciting that even the professional displayer of

ennui overlooks the fact that the long arm of coincidence has been stretched out of joint.

Several other war plays have been threatened, but those mentioned comply with even the hungriest demands for our quota. Sufficient for any season are the war plays thereof.

Yet "Where Poppies Bloom" demands one short, sweet swish of the scimiter before its scenery goes into musty storage. The play may be a very true depiction of Prussian viciousness and anti-Prussian virtue, but its merciless and crude cross-sectioning of the relations between a woman and her husband are unsuitable entertainment, and unprofitable phenomena for the study of any but psychiatrists.

Appended here should be a few words regarding the ostentatious war-spirit of the girl-and-music circus-masters. The Ziegfeld Follies oozes khaki, stars-and-stripes, union-jacks and fair patriots who may not have known there was such a condition of disturbance in the world until a blunt stage manager put them through graceful parodies of squad drills. Mr. Ziegfeld's annual chautauqua manifests the straits in which the genial impressario finds himself when he is at length compelled to admit that salaciousness is impolitic in the face of a national crisis. His legions of ladies are positively burdened with clothes, that is, considering their care-and-clothes-free upbringing. But apart from a witty cowboy, Rogers by name, who is also, contrary to all prejudices, clean of tongue, the production is amazingly innocent of amusement. It is presumed that the police agent whose job comprises the inspection of frolicsome farragos arrived at the "Follies" after the fatuously suggestive opening tableau was concluded.

Even if toward the end of our meal, we can come to our mutton in a consideration of Martin Brown's "A Very Good Young Man." The heroine is the daughter of a mechanic whose wife considers the turning-point in his life to have been occasioned by his initiation into the Knights of Columbus. She says so twice, the story refusing to support her contention. The daughter, who was named Pearl by the priest and has become "Poil" to her intimates, has a dread that the very good young man whose wooing she accepts will some fine or foul day burst out into vicious practices and scareheads. She consults an oracle in the person of Mrs. Mandelharper, relict of Mandelharper, who carries on at her late spouse's undertaking parlors. Mrs. Mandelharper declares that "Youse can trust no man not until he has a lily on his chest," which epigram constitutes the *leitmotif* of the comedy. The very good young man, resolving to win Miss Hannigan (Pearl) at all costs, tries, without much success, to earn a reputation as a rake. In the sticky trouble that ensues Pearl comes to her senses, and all is well. The contrast between the Celtic and Semitic character here displayed is no less than delicious, although the healthy belligerence of the Hannigans is overstressed. But Mrs. Mandelharper is an escape from some unwritten novel by Dickens. Comes the sad reflection that this play is altogether too humanly funny to be a success.

A tribute to a certain New York police commissioner was evidently intended by the writing and production of "The Blue Pearl." The plot concerns the robbery, at a foolish social function, of a fabulously precious gem bestowed by one of our representative millionaires upon one of our representative clubmen's wives. The police commissioner spends a good hour in smart investigation which fails to find the thief, and the play, which, as usual, is smartly written and well-acted, terminates in the strange paradox of the rich society persons parting for divorce and the tawdry adventurers resolving to be constant and true.

"She Walked In Her Sleep" is neither as titillating to the thick-lipped nor as aggravating to the thin-skinned as its advertising matter suggests. The idea of the play, a somnambulist prowling about with a deadly explosive, has legitimate farcical substance, which, one must admit, is not subordinated to the risqué in situation. With the elimination of a background bed-

room and some snatches of dialogue the play would be a cause of fairly innocent merriment.

Booth Tarkington's "Penrod" follows in the wake of his "Seventeen" and is every bit as American and amusing. "The Maid of the Mountain" comes to Broadway bearing the approval of the veteran London Johnnies who have not yet been conscripted; "The Woman on the Index" is one of those plays that are dangerous to juveniles and perplexing to conscientious adults; "Why Worry" is a delicatessen entertainment in which Hebrew persons make fun of their racial traits; "Keep Her Smiling" is brief, unbrilliant and clean, and "Lightnin'" is a well done reversion to the old brave-heart-beneath-baggy-trousers school of melodrama.

The Government once more enters the movie field with "America's Answer," an interesting exhibition for all with sons and brothers and sweethearts in France, and there is everywhere the customary hodge-podge of throbbing film stuff which in no wise helps to explain the presence on earth of those who prepare and project it.

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters as a rule should not exceed six-hundred words

Why Not a Catholic Y. W. C. A.?

To the Editor of AMERICA:

As I am an enthusiastic reader of AMERICA I would like to ask why we are not doing for our Catholic women what the K. C. is doing for our men, that is, in the way of social recreation? There are many Catholic women belonging to the Y. W. C. A. who would gladly join a Catholic association if we had one that offered the same advantages. As long as I have been reading AMERICA I do not think this subject has been discussed. What are the views of the readers of AMERICA on the matter?

Brooklyn.

HERBERT F. NOONAN.

"Echoes from the Catholic Press Convention"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In "Echoes from the Catholic Press Convention," Mr. Happel pointed out in AMERICA, for September 7, that instruction in the knowledge and in the interests of the Catholic press should be given to the pupils in the Catholic schools. Mr. Happel seems, however, to have overlooked the small item of the preparation that might first be necessary for many of the teachers in these schools before much effective work could be accomplished among the pupils along the lines which he points out.

Lawrenceburg, Ind.

M. N. A.

"Florida Baptist Witness"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I was much interested in the article on page 564 of AMERICA for September 14, "Notes and Comment," concerning the *Florida Baptist Witness*. It so happens that the part of the *Witness's* editorial which you quote is taken from a longer and more grammatical editorial which appeared in *Life* under the date (I think) of August 8.

A friend sought to enliven a long and tedious convalescence by presenting me with a three months' subscription to the last-named periodical. The number which contained that precious editorial was accompanied by a most confident request for a year's subscription. As the editorial had roused my ire I wrote to *Life's* editorial office, saying that I did not care to subscribe to a periodical that could publish an article so biased and so at variance with actual facts about the Church of which I was a member. I added that I had purposely refrained from passing that number on to the soldiers and sailors, as I did not wish to have any part in handing "Our boys" a periodical which insults the Faith to which some forty per cent. of them belong. I concluded by asking if the person responsible for the editorial con-

sidered that such published statements were the very best way of insuring a continuance of the "pleasant relations" between people of all faiths which was mentioned in the last paragraph. Needless to say, I was vouchsafed no reply.

The article quoted by you under the heading "A False Witness" has been boiled down somewhat and the wording slightly altered, to the detriment of the grammar. The middle paragraph, beginning "The way to cure the prejudice against Roman Catholicism," is word for word with the *Life* editorial, except that the words "and perhaps one of the most corrupt" have been interpolated, presumably to satisfy this Florida Baptist editor's anti-Catholic bigotry.

Caldwell, N. J.

MARY LOUISE HOWDEN.

Cardinal Mercier's Philosophy

To the Editor of AMERICA:

On reading again, with great pleasure, Father Cahill's able article on Scholastic Philosophy, to which reference was made in your review of "A Manual of Modern Scholastic Philosophy by Cardinal Mercier," which appeared in AMERICA for September 14, I find that he makes two very mild criticisms of the work: on debatable questions of philosophy it rather closely follows St. Thomas without taking into account what other scholastics of recognized ability and standing have said on the subject; it breaks with a time-honored custom by setting the beginner to study cosmology and psychology instead of logic, as is usually done. The latter criticism rather nullifies the former, for more than one text could be quoted from St. Thomas to the effect that logic comes first in the study of philosophy.

Cardinal Mercier, however, in a preface to the volumes under consideration, has tried to justify at length his innovation, and it is a matter for just criticism, or at least regret, that this preface was not included in the English translation. It contains, besides, excellent reasons why philosophy should be taught in the vernacular, and explains how this can be done without jeopardizing the technical Latin phraseology with which seminarians at least should be familiar in view of their theological studies. Moreover, the Cardinal does not insist that the new order which he advocates should be followed. The French original, as distinguished from the English translation, was also published in an edition where the old arrangement, with logic at the head, was preserved. This, as was expressly stated, was for the accommodation of those teachers who wished to conform to the existing custom.

As for the first criticism, it is very true that no room was made for various scholastic solutions of debatable questions, that differed from those of St. Thomas. The explanation may lie in the avowed purpose of the "Manual," which was intended for beginners; and it seemed unwise, from a pedagogical standpoint, to overburden their minds with divergent theories. These are left for the larger "*Cours de Philosophie*," intended for university students, and they are expounded there at great length. Of course, on this point also there is room for legitimate differences of opinion, and, as Father Cahill well notes, Catholic philosophers are to a much smaller degree the slaves of "great names" than non-Catholics, who think themselves secure from criticism under the aegis of Hegel or Spencer or James.

Moline, Ill.

J. B. CULEMANS.

Accountancy

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Would one be justified in inquiring if the communication of A. C. A., in your issue of August 17, is one of a series of letters advertising public accountancy? If not, permit me to suggest that among collegiate institutions the time to try to arouse attention on a specialized study is that devoted to ancient history.

A stranger to New York's educational institutions, as enumerated, might try to explain the lack of apparent ambition on the

part of your New York Catholics to attend the College of the City of New York, by stating that the same disproportion of Catholic students may be found in other departments of the same college, and the Pace Course can always be found in Y. M. C. A. schools of accounting. The religious complexion of New York University, if known, would show a preponderance of one creed, and that non-Catholic. Why should not A. C. A. try to demonstrate that the Presbyterians are not interested in medieval history or the catechism, because the majority of those enrolled in Manhattan College and Fordham are Catholics?

Perhaps it would be best if the question of religion were left out of this phase of commercial education, because the Catholics in some sections of the country have been actively engaged in securing non-Catholics to attend our Catholic institutions by offering courses in accounting and other phases of business. Here in Pittsburgh we have succeeded. The Catholic with ability and "get up" succeeds here, and every other place, I think. In business, shrewd business men analyze prospective employees on a basis akin to tests in purchasing materials. This phantom should not be raised again.

Your correspondent should not worry about the future crowding of the accounting profession; that is not to happen soon. He should, and undoubtedly does, know that nine-tenths of those therein today are checkers-up, auditors and verifiers of dead and recorded business transactions; the other tenth render constructive criticism, and like the statistician and economist, build a budget for the next two, five or ten years from the journals of yesterday.

This latter kind of really worth-while work needs more knowledge than the accounting courses, even the best, can give; it requires accurate information of finance, government, commerce, commercial law, etc.; and its foundation is a mastery of the business under analysis; it presumes a mind capable of grasping many details and co-ordinating and correlating them into a completed whole, and accounting courses in themselves will not give this kind of training to a Catholic or a Protestant.

I believe that A. C. A. is just a wee bit pessimistic about our fellow citizens; there are some few lethargic lads, but not many; the past two years have made us all think, and many of our Catholics in camp, in cantonment, and in field have found out that the principal reason why so many Catholics are in the ranks, and so few on the staff and line, is attributable primarily to the fact that special training is not theirs. Accountants, generally speaking, bear the same relation to a business organization as a stenographer bears to a president; they re-express another's efforts, knowledge, ability and efficiency.

My suggestion is to give Catholic young men and women an intensive course in business administration, after the regular four-year college course is completed; the college course would make them thinkers, the business world would find them executives. It is useless to try to make an accountant out of a ledger man or to make a president of a million-dollar corporation out of an errand boy, or to graft a university education on a kindergarten head. Ability will come out sooner or later. We have some real good Catholic accountants, senior and junior, and four or more able accounting instructors whose balance sheet of life shows an excess of assets over liabilities, and whose monthly income and profit and loss statement show an increase in the surplus account that would convince St. Peter that they practised in their religious life the creation of a spiritual reserve—as they advised their clients to do in financial matters.

The country needs all the thinkers today; the business world will require them tomorrow. A specialized study of an isolated subject, like advertising, accounting, credits or transportation will not give us the kind of gray matter that is wanted, but a course at a college that makes for health, sanity and holiness will do so.

Pittsburgh.

W. M. D.

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1918

Entered as second-class matter, April 15th, 1909, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3d, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on June 29, 1918.

Published weekly by the America Press, New York.

President, RICHARD H. TIERNEY; Secretary, JOSEPH HUSSEIN;
Treasurer, FRANCIS A. BREEN

SUBSCRIPTIONS, POSTPAID:

United States, 10 cents a copy; yearly, \$3.00
Canada, \$3.50 Europe, \$4.00

Address:

THE AMERICA PRESS, 173 East 83d Street, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.

CABLE ADDRESS: CATHREVIEW

Stamps should be sent for the return of rejected manuscripts.

A Word to Friends

THE war has brought in its train many inconveniences that should be borne with patience. Not the least of these troubles has befallen managers of papers and periodicals whose minor business affairs, especially those that concern bills and the mail, were in the hands of men of the draft age. Gaps were made in the ranks of clerks whose places cannot at present be filled satisfactorily. Subscribers, no less than managers, suffer from this drawback, but the former, as well as the latter, will be patient and forgive occasional lateness and a mistake now and then. "It is the war," and the war is paramount. Then, too, it should not be forgotten that the Government is very active these days. Its commands are numerous and exacting, but patriots are only too glad to harken to them. And AMERICA's friends are patriots, if ever such existed. They will, therefore, read with equanimity that exchange and complimentary copies are forbidden during the period of the war, and that subscriptions must be deleted unless renewed on or before the date of expiration. "It is the war," and nobody will complain, least of all the numerous patrons of AMERICA. On the contrary, amongst the latter will be found kindly folk whose generosity will enable us to continue to cheer the hearts of missionaries in China, Japan, Africa, India, and so on, by sending them the usual weekly copies of the paper. And these same cultured people will check their rising chagrin if, during the year, the paper is not spotlessly white or perfectly calendered, for the war chariot has been driven through paper mills also, and left in its wake, if not wreckage, silent machines and depleted

supplies. But, then, "it is the war," and even if more inconveniences and sacrifices attend the successful prosecution of the great crusade for justice, they will be sustained not only, but also welcomed joyfully by AMERICA and its friends.

Protestantism and Indifference in Italy

IT is a matter of common knowledge that Protestantism has long cherished the hope of supplanting Catholicism in Italy and especially in Rome. The popular impression has been that such an attempt was doomed to failure from the very outset and that it was idle to entertain any fear of its success. But an article in the August number of *Les Nouvelles Religieuses* gives a careful statistical survey of religious conditions in the peninsula, and points out the gravity of the danger to the true Faith, not only in Italy but in the Holy City. The warnings of Leo XIII., Pius X. and Benedict XV. are shown to have been only too well founded, and the writer does not hesitate to pronounce the situation serious. Moreover, he feels that it will rapidly become worse unless Catholics find some way to remedy it.

Protestantism is growing and indifference is alarmingly on the increase. In 1862 there were 32,975 Protestants of various sects in Italy, in 1901 there were 65,595, in 1911 the number had grown to 123,253, which means that in ten years it had almost doubled. The writer believes that the official registration of Protestants would be still greater were it not that human respect prevented certain Italians from publicly proclaiming their apostasy. Figures show, however, that the Protestant propaganda is more successful in depriving Italians of all religious belief than in converting them to heresy. In 1901 there were in all Italy only 36,092 persons who professed to have no religious affiliations, ten years later the number of those who were without faith was not less than 874,532. If to this number be added the 653,404 persons who in 1911 refused to make any statement as to their attitude toward religion, we find that at that date these two categories embraced about five per cent of the entire population, and that in ten years they had almost doubled.

The large number of strangers in Rome, which varies greatly with different seasons, makes it difficult to obtain exact statistics, but a conservative view holds that, if Protestantism has not gained in the Holy City during the past ten years it has not, on the other hand, lost; while it appears that there were 13,117 more Romans in 1911 who belonged to no religion than there were in 1901. During the same period the number of those who refused to state what religion they professed had increased by 8,378.

Not many years ago a Methodist minister prophesied that if Protestant propaganda in Italy were generously supported the near future would witness a separation of the Italian people from the Seat of Truth unparalleled since the inauguration of the Reformation in Germany by Luther in the sixteenth century. His wish, as the

writer in *Les Nouvelles Religieuses* remarks, was father to his thought, but it indicates the aim and the hope of Protestantism, and, in view of the statistics given above, furnishes grounds for serious consideration to every loyal child of the Church.

Labor and Loyalty

PRESIDENT WILSON made it clear to the Bridgeport strikers that there would be no temporizing with a disloyal minority bent on gaining its own selfish ends at the cost of American lives. This war cannot be waged by the armies in the field and the navies that sweep the seas. It must be waged by 100,000,000 Americans working together as a solid unit and backing up the fighting forces. Every ounce of energy that can be put into the struggle is needed to make victory sure and a righteous peace permanent. The part that Labor has to play in the winning of the war is tremendous. Indeed, no one can overestimate it. And Labor has risen to the task whole-heartedly.

The lamentable thing is that a wilful minority can cast discredit on the loyal majority, as was done at Bridgeport and more recently in the coal fields of Pennsylvania. The strong stand taken by the President in the Bridgeport strike was welcomed by everyone having Labor's interests at heart, for Labor's interests to-day as never before are the nation's interests. And every loyal American approved of the attitude of the Fuel Administrator toward the striking anthracite coal miners. Rightfully he refused to confer with them or take any step in their behalf while they continued on strike, and they were told that the Government will hold them personally and strictly responsible for their conduct. This is as it should be, for on the loyalty of the miner depends the supply of coal, and coal is an essential to victory. It takes its place with steel and food and guns, and without it the American army in France must lay down its arms. There is especial need of hard work on the part of every American miner in view of the fact that there is a shortage of coal in England, while in France the richest mines are in the hands of the enemy. Hence, it is plain to every thinking mind that our own coal fields must be worked to the highest point of productive efficiency. This fine message of Marshal Foch to the miners of Great Britain must be taken to heart by every American engaged in our mines: "Coal is the key to victory. Miners of Great Britain, help me on. My brothers, miners of Great Britain, let not a moment be lost to hasten the hour of peace."

Fixing the Burden

THE extreme rise during the last four years in the price of commodities has been offset in part by a rise in the incomes of many workers. But there are men, counted by the hundreds of thousands, whose salaries are precisely what they were in 1914. An increase in the price of any commodity is a grave handi-

cap on this class in the race to keep just beyond the reach of destitution. Economically speaking, destitution has no redeeming feature. It is sheer loss. Against the advance in price the individual has no guard whatever. It is the duty of the community, therefore, to protect him in this contingency, in which he cannot possibly protect himself, preferably by fixing a minimum wage, or, if this be not immediately feasible, by invoking the familiar war-power of the Government to establish a maximum price.

This conclusion is only a deduction from sane Catholic philosophy. We Catholics should have urged it years ago, with Leo XIII. But instead of that policy, which by this time would have produced excellent results, some of us preferred to denounce it as "Socialism," a loose word representing a multitude of uncertain horrors vaguely conceived, while the rest of us thought we could best serve the cause of Christian democracy by defending the equally undoubted right to private property. At the present moment the conclusion has a very pertinent application to the matter of an increase in street-railway fares. A company with an exclusive transportation franchise, in a great metropolitan city, claims that a continuance of the five-cent fare means bankruptcy. There is no reason whatever to believe that this claim is true. In its appeals to the public the company in question has never been noted for a consuming love for the virtue which made George Washington's youth famous. But if it is true, it should seem a fairly simple matter for the community to revoke the company's franchise, and itself take up the business of public transportation. Conversely, if the company's cry of "Wolf" is not true, the Public Service Commission can put an end, once for all, to the corporation's demand for a higher fare.

The question is by no means confined to New York, or to the single problem of public transportation. It has a bearing on every public service corporation. No doubt, in these days of high prices for coal and other materials, profits are not what they were before the war. But it is better that Reginald Van Dyckman should be forced, by a lowering or even a temporary cessation of his profits arising from corporation stocks and bonds, to worry along with one limousine instead of a fleet of six automobiles, than that the children of Michael O'Leary, who works for a fixed "salary," should be forced to economize in bread. And it is the duty of the community to see that the burden falls on Reginald.

"Make It Right"

"YES, SIR," the elated manufacturer was saying to his group in the Washington smoker, "we haven't had a rejection by the War Department. We're rated one hundred per cent efficient. All our machines have been passed. What's the use in sending out poor work and having it turned back on you? Make it right. It's honest and it pays better." There was a touch, and

perhaps more than a touch, of self-satisfaction, verging to smugness, in the manufacturer's oration, but on the whole, it expressed the just satisfaction which a man may rightly take in work well done. And to the philosophy no exception can be entered.

"Make it right" is an order that we were in danger of forgetting. "Make it quickly, and be in a hurry about it," was far more popular. It is said that only a few years ago a surprisingly large number of American exports had graded beyond the stage in which they were looked on with suspicion. No suspicion whatever attached to them; they were known for what they were, poorly made goods, that would not bear usage; poorly prepared foodstuffs, that would not stand one more touch of the sun. They had been assembled or arranged with speed, with an eye to large immediate profits gathered from a continually shifting trade, with no concern for a continuance of steady custom. Other peoples might spend a thousand years in building a cathedral, but our specifications demanded a structure complete from foundation to turret within six months. "Make it right" if possible, but in any case "make it quickly," and let the next generation shift for itself.

Nor was "make it right" the principle on which we built up other structures of more enduring importance than commerce, our system of education, for example, or what passes for a system. The Commissioner of Education wrote in his last report that we spent more money on education and received less in return than any other nation, while in a recent issue of the *New York Times* Dr. Harris Hancock characterized our grade and high schools as "little less than a travesty." The War Department examiners will teach us the value of "checking up." With them a shell is worthless, if it will not explode; with us, at least before the war, a shell was good enough, if it looked well from the outside. As we are now beginning to realize, our public educational authorities, with a liberal appropriation to back their hare-brained schemes, bought many an education shell that was empty. For just one, the good people of New York paid over \$5,000,000 before they realized that while Gary, Indiana, may make good steel, it does not necessarily make good schools. Gary's were full of blowholes, like those famous armor-plates which our hurried and confiding Government bought some twenty years ago from a famous philanthropist. "Make it right," will be a valuable heritage from the war, not only for the manufacturer, but for the teacher, the social worker, and about ninety-nine and nine-tenths per cent of the rest of us, who do not teach nor "uplift," nor manufacture.

The Laity in Action

IN an article contributed to the *Catholic Convert* for September the Rev. Thomas A. Judge, C. M., tells of the incredible struggles of the Church in certain portions of the South. It is now some six years since the Vincentian Fathers began their work of zeal in the east-

ern section of the Mobile diocese. Several have been forced to relinquish their labors. One was beaten, another stoned, a third had other indignities heaped upon him. The small congregation which they succeeded in gathering together within their little church was startled during the Holy Sacrifice by a shot fired into the sacred edifice. Three distinct attempts were made to burn the building to the ground. Such were but a few of the tokens of welcome and appreciation lavished upon them; a natural effect of the persistent campaign of slander against priests and sisters.

In breaking down the barrier of prejudice Southern Catholics are now, however, realizing the efficiency of the lay apostolate. Attention has already been called by *AMERICA* to the splendid results achieved through the propaganda of enlightenment carried on by the Catholic Laymen's Association of Georgia, and to the wonderful influence exercised by it upon the secular press. In a similar spirit the work of the lay apostolate was begun in the little Alabama community in charge of the Vincentian Fathers. The education of the poorer classes had been systematically neglected, and high-souled Catholic ladies gratuitously undertook to remedy this wrong. The gratitude they met with consisted at first in the most venomous and diabolical calumnies.

Promise after promise broken, street demonstrations to attract crowds and incite tumults to destroy them, the vilest mouthings of malicious fiends, frequent efforts to dispossess them, and three attempts to provoke the populace to tar and feather them—these are but fragments of the persecution that they suffered to start the school. The United States flag in front of their school, the only one flying in the town, was torn down and ripped to tatters, and not content with this desecration, it was knotted and twisted to make repair impossible.

Yet nothing could daunt these heroic women. The school, which started with three children two and a half years ago, closed last June with 150 pupils. Of that number 145 were Protestants. A change has come over the town. Today these devoted lay apostles are not merely held in respect, but are regarded with affection by the people. It is thought that there will be 200 children in the school this September, albeit the schoolhouse is but a shed, the desks are planks, and the seats empty boxes. But as for the faculty, it "ranks second to no teaching staff in the country."

Here is a work that deserves and should receive the financial support of Catholics. The very necessities of life are often wanting to these valiant warriors of Christ. But they have given us a striking example of the great good that can be accomplished by an intelligent and zealous laity, even though priests and religious alike fail in their efforts. What has here been described is but part of the labor of charity undertaken, in the interest of the poor and unfortunate, by a handful of Catholics in that intensely bigoted and sadly misinformed section of the South. People who could not be stirred by the eloquence of words have at length been moved by the far mightier eloquence of deeds.

Literature

SIR JAMES M. BARRIE

THERE is much of "Peter Ibbetson's" Mimsey about Sir James Matthew Barrie; the elfin, brave, adorable Mimsey, of whom the dear old Major used to declare that hers was the double, sweet intelligence of the head and of the heart. Never, surely, in all modern times has a "dour" Scotchman been so beloved—save only his friend and contemporary, the even more beloved Robert Louis Stevenson!

Barrie was born in the little town of Kerriemuir, the "Thrums" which he was to immortalize, and which so promptly and unexpectedly returned the compliment. He studied at the old Dumfries Academy and later at Edinburgh University; and he was writing not very successful "leaders" for a provincial English journal when the thought suddenly came to him that "there was something quaint" and colorful about his birthplace. "A boy who found that a knife had been put into his pocket in the night could not have been more surprised," he tells us. "When I sent off that first sketch I thought I had exhausted the subject, but our editor wrote that he would like something more of the same, so I sent him a marriage, and he took it—and then I tried him with a funeral, and he took it, and it really began to look as if we had him."

Barrie had, in fact, begun to tap a fresh vein in contemporary literature, and the little dialect sketches which charmed the heart of the London editors were those we know as the "Auld Licht Idylls" and the "Window in Thrums." "My Lady Nicotine," in which he did for the pipe what Izaak Walton had long ago done for the fishing-rod, was somewhat by way of digression. But the curious and characterful Thrums reached its fairest transfiguration in the delicious pages of "The Little Minister," or of "Sentimental Tommy," with its successor, "Tommy and Grizel." There, to the familiar *milieu* of dominies, school-rooms and bitter-sweet village romances, was added a new breadth of fancy and pathos. The creator of Lady Babbie, of proud, piteous Grizel, of the Painted Lady and of the magnificently fictional Tommy, was not merely the master of a charming by-path, but quite manifestly a man to be reckoned with on the highway of contemporary literature.

Barrie, from the first, had written of his native Kerriemuir with irresistible humor and exquisite sympathy, although his gentle contempt for "Auld Licht" vagaries—as personified in the redoubtable Tibby M'Quhatty—more than once drew upon his head the wrath of that curious sect. But it was neither local attachment nor literary thrift which held him so long to the familiar spot. It was a much simpler and more incredible thing—the ruling passion of his love for Margaret Ogilvy, his mother. "There was never much pleasure to me in writing of people who could not have known you," he once confessed in answer to her own arch query, "nor of squares and wynds you never passed through, nor of a countryside where you never carried your father's dinner in a flaggon. There is scarce a house in all my books where I have not seemed to see you a thousand times, bending over the fireplace or winding up the clock."

So the Thrums period, if it may be so formally called, of his work lasted precisely as long as its inspiration. When *she* was gone, it reached in 1896 its finale and apotheosis in that unique masterpiece of tenderness, "Margaret Ogilvy." Seldom, indeed, has a woman been so celebrated by her son: and who can question but that to love so consummately is as rare an achievement as to be so consummately loved? To her son—apparently to all her family—Mrs. Barrie became, in Tagore's fine symbol, "the sky and the nest as well." He writes of her "gentle face" in the days of his early childhood, . . . of the laugh which came "running home" at last after the anguish of her elder son,

David's, death. "I have heard no such laugh as her's save from merry children," he continues; "the laughter of most of us ages, and wears out with the body, but hers remained gleeful to the last, as if it were born fresh every morning. . . . How much she gave away of all she had, and what pretty ways she had of giving it!" Winsome, forceful, thrifty, artful, loving, past mistress of the art of managing men and beguiling children, vibrant with a very passion for motherhood and with a wealth of that indefinable charm, the slight woman passes again and again across the pages of Barrie's work. He could no more keep her out of his later plays than he could out of the earlier tales and romances: she was as close to Miss Thing as she had been to Mrs. Dyshart or to Grizel—she it was who taught him "What Every Woman Knows." Still giving and still gracious and still smiling, one watches her pass through the long drama of her life until its final scene is reached. And when that last call has sounded and been answered by the mother's long silence, her son penned from a room nearby this incomparable tribute: "There lay all the work I was ever proud of, the rest is but honest craftsmanship done to give her coal and food and softer pillows. My thousand letters that she so carefully preserved, always sleeping with the last beneath the sheet, where one was found when she died—they are the only writing of mine of which I shall ever boast. I would not there had been one less though I could have written an immortal book for it."

In 1895 Barrie had written his first play, "The Professor's Love Story," a delightful character-study, although perhaps a trifle halting in *tempo* for our marching life today. But it was really in 1896, when "The Little Minister" was put upon the stage, that the world—and perhaps the author himself—discovered that he really was a dramatist. Never was a creator more happily interpreted: for then, too, began the artistic partnership which has meant so much to the gaiety and the tears of nations, that gracious dual partnership of Sir James Barrie and Miss Maude Adams. It inaugurated that long line of successes of which one hopes the end may be far afield. Most of these plays have not yet been put in printed form, although Scribner announces the "collected edition" for this year of grace, so one must trust to memory for the whimsical charm of "Quality Street," "The Admirable Crichton," "Peter Pan," "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire," "What Every Woman Knows," "The Legend of Lenora," and "A Kiss for Cinderella." More accessible are the unique, brief dramas, "The Five-Pound Look," "Rosalind," and "The Will," this last perhaps the only work in which Barrie's humor is less kind than cynical. Then, too, there are those heart-shaking little war-plays, "The New Word" and "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals," and the lovely little fantasy of "Pantaloons."

Probably the greatest of these plays in humor and human quality is "The Little Minister," but the greatest in significance and sweep of imagination is undoubtedly "Peter Pan." Peter opened up a new era for the children's theater—he founded, as it were, a dynasty. Not for the first time in human annals, he presented a fairy tale destined to make history. His successors have been many and various: Belgium gave, four years later, Maeterlinck's mystical "Blue Bird"; France, "The Good Little Devil"; America, "A Poor Little Rich Girl," and a score of others. But Peter remains still the one which children (of all ages) themselves love best; and little fragments of him have had to be borrowed from the theater and slipped into volumes about "The Little White Bird," and "Kensington Gardens," and "Peter and Wendy"—from which gentle confinement he is always and forever managing to escape.

Humor and sentiment, a genius for "local color" and dialogue,

and allegiance to high ideals were Barrie's always. But the exigencies of the drama taught him just the concentration his work most palpably lacked before. Not that his plays are really concentrated or condensed, save relatively speaking! They leap from drama to dream with the most amazing nonchalance. They are always breaking loose from the stage, as Peter breaks loose from the books, and going home confidently with the mothers and little children.

In the final analysis, it is perhaps the eternal childlikeness of Barrie which takes surest and longest hold upon the heart and the imagination. To the last he will remain the son of Margaret Ogilvy, the boy whose youthful horror was of the day when he must grow up and have done with games! "The gates of Heaven are so easily found when we are little," he tells us in "Sentimental Tommy," "and they are always standing open to let children wander in." That the gates of the heart are very like them, Barrie's own success bears witness. He is the far-faring but home-loving Scotch brother of Pierrot the immortal!

KATHERINE BRÉGY.

A SONG OF ROADS

The world is full of roads that wind
Over hill and hollow,
Roads that cast a glance behind
And beckon one to follow;

Roads that loiter and roads that run
Past the wild-rose hedges,
Roads that lure the wandering one
Down among the sedges.

Now some roads take a brook along
For the day's beguiling;
The brook is ever at its song,
The road is always smiling.

Some roads go plodding through the heat,
Dust-besprent and jaded,
Unswept by breath of meadow-sweet,
By greening tree unshaded.

Some roads darkle and some roads shine,
And some roads go a-Maying,
Some with the air of a martial line,
And some like children straying.

And all roads lead away from home,
Where the hearth-fire gloweth,
And every highway leads to Rome,
And every lane—God knoweth!

*But the fairest road 'twixt sea and sea
That feet of men have trod
Is the bleak road of Calvary,
The rugged road of Calvary,
That leads to the Heart of God.*

BLANCHE M. KELLY.

REVIEWS

Folly and Other Poems. By THEODORE MAYNARD. London: Erskine MacDonald, Ltd. 5 shillings.

Since the publication of "Drums of Defeat," reviewed in our issue of July 6, 1918, it is clear that Mr. Maynard has married. Even if this new book of poems were without its dedication "To My Wife," wherein he sings:

We two have pierced with our own eyes
God's multitudinous disguise;
Waylaid Him in His voyaging
Among the buttercups of spring.

a perusal of the finest lyrics in the little volume would show that the author has found in wedded happiness new inspiration. Such poems, for example, as "There Was an Hour," "Sonnet for the Fifth of October," "Vocation," "Beauty," "Humility" and the following stanzas, entitled "Wed," indicate that the author is singing of his bride:

I know the winds are rhythmical
In unison with your footfall.
I know that in your heart you keep
The secret of the woodland's sleep.

You met the blossom-bearing May—
Sweet sister!—on the road half way,
And she has laid upon your hair
The colored coronal you wear.

But ah! the white wings of the Dove
Flutter about the head I love,
And on your bosom doth repose
The beauty of the Mystic Rose.

That I must add to poetry
A dark and fearful ecstasy;
For in the house of joy you bless
Unworthiness with holiness.

In "Folly" there are not so many poems after the Chesterton-Belloc manner as in Mr. Maynard's two preceding books, though "Laughter," "Drinking Song," "Ballade of a Feroocious Catholic," the "Dedication" and "Folly" are somewhat like pieces in "Laughs and Whiffs of Song." In the present volume, however, the author has included poems which describe so admirably both the beauty of the soul and the loveliness of nature that they will rank with the best work. "Christmas on Crusade," for instance, and "Cloistered Love," both of which appeared originally in AMERICA, are full of lofty mysticism, while the pictures Mr. Maynard paints of nature's beauties in such poems as "Blindness," "The Holy Spring," and "In May" are as vivid as could be wished. When he writes:

I traffic in abysmal seas
And dive for pearls and colored shells,
Where over seaweeds tall as trees
The waters boom like tenor bells.

Where bearded goblin-fish and sharks,
With fins as large as eagles' wings,
Throw phosphorescent trails of sparks,
Which glitter on drowned Spaniards' rings.

and again:

The bluebells in the deep dim woods
Like fallen heavens lie,
And daffodils and daffodils
Upon a thousand little hills
Are waving to the sky.

without question an authentic poet is recording the harvest of his quiet observant eye.

W. D.

Le Saint Coeur de Marie: Vie Intime de la Sainte Vierge. Par J. V. BAINVEL, Professeur de Théologie à l'Institut Catholique de Paris. Paris: Gabriel Beauchesne.

The study of the heart of the Blessed Virgin which Father Bainvel announced some time ago as in preparation has proved somewhat different from what it was supposed it would be. It was thought that he would follow along the historical lines to which so large a portion of his work on the Sacred Heart was devoted. No doubt the learned author believed that this phase of the subject had been amply provided, at least for present needs in the exhaustive series of articles which recently appeared in the "Dictionnaire Apologétique de la Foi Catholique." At any rate most people will be of opinion that the present work is far more valuable than a mere companion volume to "La Devotion au Sacré-Coeur de Jésus" would have been, although

this project has not been relinquished, but merely deferred. We are far more interested in the nature of the interior life of the Mother of God than in the development of devotion to her.

Father Bainvel disclaims any purpose of writing a theological treatise, or a work on asceticism, although the theology of the subject is constantly supposed and thoughts on asceticism, of necessity, are of frequent recurrence. He outlines his object as follows:

These are pious studies, aimed at increasing knowledge of Mary. Inevitably such knowledge will lead to love, and this love, together with this knowledge, cannot but be useful for the spiritual life. The author, therefore, studies the interior life of Mary; to know her better and to make her better known, to love her more and make her more loved, because from this knowledge and this love he looks for great good both for himself and his readers.

After a rapid survey of the more striking characteristics of the Heart of Mary, Father Bainvel enters more into detail, and devotes separate chapters to Our Lady's simplicity, humility, to the nature of her spiritual life, to the extent, qualities and reasons for her share in Christ's suffering, to the merciful manifestations of her loving-kindness, to her love for God and her neighbor. The most attractive chapters are those which treat, contrast, and harmonize two characteristics, in other hearts incompatible, but in hers essential, inseparable, and miraculously united: her sublime virginity and her Divine maternity. This book is, as most readers will probably concede, the best of Father Bainvel's books. To his profound acquaintance with theology, of which he has long been a recognized master, it unites the simple piety of a loving child, and both together make him a subtle analyst, an illuminative teacher and a sure guide, all in that crystal limpidity of expression, which is French at its best.

J. H. F.

India and the Future. By WILLIAM ARCHER. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$3.00.

In the mind of the general reader India usually is associated with "coral strands," or the "road to Mandalay" and various other nebulous geographical and lyrical localities. Hence it is startling to find in the headlines of the current dailies speculations about the chances India has for home rule when the great war is over, and her place in the sun on terms of equality with the other great nations when democracy makes the world again safe to live in. Mr. Archer had a long experience in journalism to guide him for a comprehensive survey of Indian conditions and the details he has collated are of special interest now in helping to the conclusions the reader aims to arrive at in regard to these new international problems. He does not think British rule can be dispensed with under the coming program, but he is sure that there must be a modification along the lines of the popular self-determination ideal and a more comprehensive respect for local political aspirations and possibilities. There is a Catholic note in the outlook for India's future which readers of recent contributions to AMERICA will recall, but Mr. Archer does not include it in his survey. The apostolic influence radiating for centuries from Goa's venerated tomb must not be forgotten in any horoscope cast for the land of the Rajahs.

T. F. M.

Right and Wrong after the War: An Elementary Consideration of Christian Morals in the Light of Modern Social Problems. By BERNARD IDDINGS BELL. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.25.

At first sight the very title of this book is likely to cause misapprehension; for the reader is inclined to say: "Are not right and wrong eternal?" The author, however, is not professedly a pragmatist; in fact he professes to seek only to teach the "old

morality" in terms of the "new life"; i. e., to apply the principles of Christianity to four problems arising respectively, from the "hunger urge" and the "sex urge" problems of the local community and those of a "national and international" character.

With most of the author's solutions we cannot agree; first because many are not solutions in any sense, and secondly, because in other cases there is left very little of the "old morality" when he has finished. Feminism, for example, he rightly regards as one of the great problems of the day. But in advocating the adoption or the countenancing of the movement by any church calling itself Christian, Dr. Bell has taken a really unintelligible stand. For no movement in modern times has struck more mercilessly at the dearest things in Christian life, than has feminism. In fact the only explanation of the author's position, granting his desire to stand by the "old morality" is a failure to comprehend the real drift of feminism. Ellen Key and Edward Carpenter the Doctor dismisses as being the extremists of the movement. But he neglects to note that these writers are extreme, mainly because they are explicit. They have attempted to follow to its logical conclusion the doctrine to which every feminist will give unhesitating assent; namely that woman never has the freedom of a personality until she is free to use her sex-life as she sees fit, independently of "conventions." The author again surrenders precious ground when, touching upon another aspect of the "sex-urge," he enunciates the following spineless if not pernicious proposition:

The Church ought not to dodge the problems connected with contraception, but to examine the whole subject in the light of the law of love. If in that light contraception seems good under proper restrictions let her teach her people what those restrictions are. If in that light it still seems a thing inadmissible then let her formulate her reasons for this position in language comprehended by the people and persuasive of them.

The one laudable feature of the book as a whole is the manifest desire of the writer to be of service in the era of readjustment which he believes to be at hand and the fearless sincerity with which he goes about the task.

G. B.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

In "My Country's Past" (Scribner, \$0.50) Mary Synon, the well-known Catholic writer of short stories, has prepared an excellent book for American boys and girls. To prove that whatever their parentage or ancestry may be, their plain duty now is a manifestation of ardent loyalty to the United States, the author first writes an admirable story about "My Grandmother and Myself," and in the nine subsequent chapters tells how the war began, why we entered it, and what we are doing to win it. A companion volume to Miss Synon's book is Frances Nimmo Greene's "My Country's Voice" (Scribner, \$0.50) which is made up of well-selected poems and speeches dating from Revolutionary times until today. In singing the praises of the Puritans and Cavaliers the author neglects to remind the young reader that the religious liberty they sought here was for themselves alone.

The fifth completely revised edition of "A Manual of Style, a Compilation of Typographical Rules Governing the Publications of the University of Chicago, with Specimens of Types Used at the University Press" (\$1.50), contains among its special features 118 pages of rules for composition, a chapter explaining technical terms, an appendix of hints to authors, editors, proof-readers and copy-holders, and 150 pages illustrating specimens of type. It is a good book for those who prepare copy for the press to have at their elbow.—"Voltaire on the English Stage" (University of California Press, \$1.50) is a revision of a thesis submitted by Harold Lawton Bruce to the faculty of the Graduate School of Yale University in candidacy for the degree of Doctor of

Philosophy. While not minimizing the dramatic power of the French radical of the eighteenth century, the author's conclusion is that Voltaire was not an influence on the English stage. Forming neither a school nor a tradition, he made no creative appeal, nor was the dramatic taste of England in any sense remolded by his plays.—"Business English, Its Principles and Practice" (American Book Co., \$1.08), by George Burton Hotchkiss, M.A., and Celia Anne Drew, Ph.B., will appeal not only to the commercial student, but even to those experienced in business life. It is distinctive for its simplicity and conciseness; and the force of its examples will mean the retention in a nutshell of the entire contents.—"French in a Nutshell" (Dutton, \$1.00), by Jean Leeman, cuts away all that is unnecessary, leaving only the genuine French idiom, though better grouping and more orderly arrangement might be desired. The army, the navy and the Red Cross will doubtless welcome this cut into the language of France.

"Gentlemen at Arms" (Doubleday, \$1.40) is a book of war stories by "Centurion," who has seen service with the British army in France. The tales that have their setting in the big battles of the war carry with them a description of events as they actually occurred while, of course, the names of units and individuals have been disguised. In telling of the great battles the author does not write as a military critic but gives a battle-story as it presented itself in glimpses to those who were actually engaged in the struggle. The book concludes with an epilogue on the faith of the soldier that proves very clearly that aside from Catholicism there is little faith in the fighting man. "He is fatalistic rather than religious." Two army chaplains are quoted to the effect that the ministrations of their churches "failed to reach the soldier." Had the author of this book attended some of the field Masses held by the Catholic troops in the armies of the Allies or been near a Catholic chaplain during an engagement he might not have concluded that the soldiers' religion is one "that has never hardened into a creed."

"The Admirable Crichton" and "Quality Street" (Scribner, \$1.00 each), new volumes in the uniform edition of J. M. Barrie's plays, sparkle with his wit and wisdom. In London Crichton is only Lord Loam's very conservative butler, but when the nobleman's yachting party is wrecked on an uninhabited island, Crichton by the dominating force of his personality soon becomes "Gov." of the little community and is about to marry Lady Mary when all are "rescued." The last act finds the party in London again with the old relations resumed and the situation neatly saved by the Admirable Crichton. "Quality Street's" scenes are in England early in the last century, with Phoebe and Susan, schoolma'ams, and Captain Brown just home from the wars, as leading characters. In identifying Phoebe with her fictitious niece, Livvy, Barrie strains probabilities a good deal, but he unfolds a pretty love story and gives Phoebe the happiness she so well deserves.

Thorough research-work marks Arthur J. Hughes' Thesis: "The Influence of the Catholic Church and Her People Upon the History of Illinois" (University Press, Notre Dame, Ind.), a prize M. A. essay. Beginning with the earliest history of Illinois, when in 1673 Jacques Marquette, a Jesuit missionary, first set foot on that western soil, the author brings before our eyes in rapid succession the makers and shapers of Illinois, showing what an important part the Catholic Church played in that State since its discovery. In hardships and patience a "long line of Catholic missionaries" like Father Allouez, Gravier, Pinet, instilled Catholic principles and thus subdued the "dusky aboriginal brother" the Indian and the early settlers. Charges of idleness among the early people and the lack of advancement

of education are refuted, and the testimony of army officers, senators, surgeons and bishops makes the author draw one conclusion, namely, "That the Catholic Church has influenced the history of Illinois. That influence has made itself a composite part of the growth and development of the State."—"St. Joseph of Cupertino" (Herder, \$1.00), a translation by the Rev. Francis S. Laing, O. M. Cap., is the biography of a seventeenth-century Saint written along conventional lines. The rapturous flights, varying in distances up to one hundred feet, form the most striking feature of this favorite of God. The presence to a degree of the drawbacks of generalizations and superlatives is admitted by the author, and two or three chapters rescue the book from being a mere inventory of virtues and miracles. However, the author assures us that the Apostolic processes were cited in the original for every fact related; and so the door is sharply closed to the stock objections against this sort of book. Admiration is the fruit proposed, and those who delight in lives in which the extraordinary becomes the ordinary will undoubtedly gather of it in abundance.

In "Thais, a Tragedy" (Torch Press, New York, \$1.25), Mr. C. V. Roberts has gone back to the early reign of Nero for the subject of his latest drama. We have here a picture of the downfall of Agrippina, and, with some faint echoes of Sienkiewicz, a glimpse at the black and white of the matricide Emperor's court. The love of Britannicus and Thais and their Christianity, which seems to lack something, moves through the action like a breath of goodness in strong contrast to the pestilential atmosphere of their surroundings. The theme is a familiar one and one easy of development, but Mr. Roberts brings to his work an air of largeness and dignity not too common with modern dramatists.—"The Art of Aubrey Beardsley" (Boni & Liveright, \$0.60) is a collection of sixty-four sketches in black and white, with a brief prefatory essay by Arthur Symons. "He died," writes Symons, "in the peace of the last sacraments of the Church, holding his rosary between his fingers." If Beardsley had an intense passion for the truth, as Symons thinks he had, he found the truth not in his hectic day of passion, but only when, by the infinite mercy of God, "he made a good end."

The English *Bookman* recently published these stanzas by C. A. McCartney, Lieut. R. F. A., entitled "Marching to Action":

Dim-seen before me lies the way,
Dark stretch the fields to left and right;
It wants another hour to day,
Yet all the eastern sky is bright,
So quick the flashes leap and die;
And we go marching silently,
Our faces to the eastern sky.

How fiercely leaps the battle roar!
Yet overhead and all about
The night is silent as of yore,
And rank on rank the stars shine out,
With one that flames exceeding bright,
A lamp of God, a living light,
A benediction on the night.

And near me, on a grassy hill,
I see that Form raised up to bless;
The Face that knows and pities still
Two thousand years of bitterness,
And dark against the troubled sky,
One moment seen and then passed by,
Those Arms outstretched to draw me nigh.

O Way, dim-seen, my feet must tread—
O Cross beside, O Star before—
The Spirits of the holy dead
Speak to me as they spake of yore:
"Lo, this is what we sought afar,
The End to which all questions are—
The Way, the Cross, and then the Star."

EDUCATION

Uncle Remus and the Convent School

DO you remember "Daddy Jake the Runaway"? If you were a youngster some thirty years ago you followed with breathless affection Joel Chandler Harris' lovable old darkey as he moved through the pages of *St. Nicholas*. In a fit of righteous wrath, Daddy Jake had struck the brutal overseer on the head with a hoe handle, and thinking, not unjustifiably, that he had killed the man, had taken refuge in a cane brake, where he was found at last by two of his little friends. Informed that "Papa wasn't mad and the overseer wasn't dead," Daddy Jake commented in blank amazement: "Well, I'll be blest! W'at kinder head you reckon dat w'ite man got? Honey, is you *sholy sho'* dat man ain't dead?" But some people have hard heads.

THE PIG AND HIS COUNTERPART

ESPECIALLY some Catholic parents. I do not know what the "Oxford Dictionary" has to say on the matter, and at the moment that treasury of verbal elegance and accuracy is too far away to consult. But in some parts of the country it is not meant as a compliment when one says that so-and-so has a "hard head." It means, rather, that so-and-so is set on having his own way, that he will not listen to advice, that he is "pig-headed," since, like that valuable domestic animal, he would rather follow his own inclination and squeeze under a barbed-wire fence than trot comfortably through a convenient gate at another's behest. The hen, as Hawthorne says somewhere, is an animal worthy of close study, for the rich variety and piquancy of her habits. Similarly, reflections based upon the manners and customs of the pig and his human counterpart may bear rich fruit, but regative fruit, mostly. You will learn what not to do. It may smack of disrespect, whether to the lower or to the higher animal need not be here decided, to institute a comparison between the hard-headed, pig-headed pig and the pig-headed, hard-headed Catholic parent who insists on registering his child at some school, or any school, provided that it is "fashionable" and, preferably, non-Catholic. For, all points in the argument reviewed, your pig is not to be blamed because he is pig-headed. It is the nature of his kind; neither Luther Burbank, nor even the Abbot Mendel, could make him otherwise. A poor nature is his perhaps, and ill-favored, but his own. The Catholic father or mother, however, who imitates him cannot claim his immunity. If their heads are harder than a pig's, or the head of Daddy Jake's overseer, they have made them so, and can be excused only on the plea of invincible ignorance.

TO THINK AND TO THINK RIGHT

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS, "a kind of a brother-in-law to the Catholic Church, with the hope and expectation of a closer relation when I feel good enough," as he once described himself, was not a pig-headed father. "He entertained the highest opinion of the value of the Sisters' influence on their pupils," writes Mrs. Julia Collier Harris, in the wholly charming "Life and Letters of Joel Chandler Harris," just published by Houghton Mifflin. This high opinion was based on common sense and on the facts in the case of education for young girls, and he therefore chose a Catholic school for his children. As gentle in his private life as Uncle Remus, and as wise as Br'er Rabbit himself, Harris would not hesitate between the Sisters' school and the pretentious "fashionable" institution. One strove, and with marvelous success, to form what the old South (and the old North, for that matter) revered as a "gentlewoman," as brave as she was tender, a woman equally developed in heart and mind. The other was not capable of developing either, for it was, and is, a surface school, fitted to give nothing but a hard veneer. St. Joseph's Academy at Washington, Georgia, was selected by Harris, and his letters to his little daughters show how thoroughly he loved the spirit of

this remarkable school. In November, 1896, he writes his beloved "Billy-Ann":

But seriously, I am very proud of the report, and so is your mother, and we thank our stars that we were fortunate enough to have an opportunity to place you with those devoted Sisters, who have the art of developing young minds. More than that, we are grateful that Providence has so arranged it that you might be under the especial supervision of Sister Mary Bernard, who seems to have the gift (and it is a heaven-born gift) of imparting something of her own knowledge and exquisite culture to her pupils. I knew from the third letter I received from you that you had fallen under some sweet and yet powerful influence, and that you had begun to learn how to *think* and *think right*, which is the end and aim of all education.

Influenced by an enervating atmosphere of their own seeking, some fair-weather Catholics have sent their children to non-Catholic schools "because the convent schools teach only music and catechism. They do not really *educate*, you know." Harris, who knew a hawk from a handsaw, did not hold with this gentry. "To *think* and to *think right*" was to him the end and aim of education, and he found the aim set and the end sought, in a little Catholic school in Georgia.

A RARE PARENT

"MY kindest regards to the Sisters," he writes at another time, "and ask them to forgive the frivole-ivole-ousness of an old man." "My kindest regards to the Sisters" was indeed a customary subscription to his letters, but "Sister Mary Louis," "that bright Sister Sacred Heart," and "Sister Mary Bernard" seem to have won an especial place in "this old man's" heart. For the amusement of his "dear gals" at school, he translates an ancient riddle into rhyme, and sends an answer, which begins with the faculty roll of St. Joseph's:

The simple riddle! So you couldn't guess it?
Dear Gals, I never would confess it!
With all the wise heads St. Joseph's has in
Its walls. Why, first, there's Father Bazin,
Then Mother Clemence, and that bright Sister
Sacred Heart, so keen, I wist, her
Mind must have solved it; and Sister Bernard
Who's shy and gentle 'cause she's learn-ard;
And then there's Sister Mary Louis
I own to you that it's mighty cou'is . . .

But graver issues were at stake. Curiously enough, the layman will concede that the doctor, the dentist and the drayman are competent to manage the affairs of their respective professions without extraneous aid; but many parents have forgotten more about teaching than any teacher ever knew. Consequently, when a state of war has been declared to exist between little Johnny and little Johnny's teacher, the parent who does not side with Johnny is at least as rare as a republican in Texas. Joel Chandler Harris was one of these exceptions. He believed that while he could write better folk-lore stories than Reverend Mother, this same Reverend Mother knew better than he whether or not "Billy-Ann" ought to correspond, from her convent school, with the nice boy who used to live next door in Atlanta.

You know perfectly well that we have no objection to your corresponding with him. Yet at the convent it is a different matter. *We as well as you must be governed by the rules.* If the Mother Superior decides that this particular case would be an infraction of the rules . . . then it would be better not to correspond with Charles. You see the question has a wider bearing than your own personality, and the Mother Superior must judge of its importance.

"O, rare Joel Chandler Harris." As a rule, fathers of boys and girls at school are far more reasonable than the tender-hearted mothers. But many a father who in his business and professional relations insists on entrusting certain technical aspects of his work to specialists is ridiculously unreasonable in interfering with the education of his children. "The boys are all right," said an old schoolmaster, who now has a high place in Heaven; "that is, they would be if we could isolate them from their parents."

WHAT MAKES A SCHOOL?

"SOME day when you are grown up you'll be very glad you went to St. Joseph's Academy," is his message to "Sweetest Tommie," "Billy-Ann's" younger sister, and you'll remember the patient and gentle Sisters as long as you live; you'll remember them with love, and wonder how they could manage so many girls, young and old, so quietly." When Johnny and his brothers come marching home again, having sent the Kaiser to his place, they will not find the academy which engaged so deeply the affection and the intelligent regard of Joel Chandler Harris. It was destroyed by fire some years ago, if my memory serves me, and has never been rebuilt. But they will easily come upon a thousand others. Essentially, all convent schools are the same, and each one has its "bright Sister Sacred Heart" and its Sister Mary Bernard, of "exquisite culture," yet "shy and gentle 'cause she's so learn-ard." Since the war began we have learned that huge endowments and imposing buildings do not make a school, and that an acquaintance with a number of facts does not constitute an education. To be able "to think and to think right" is to be educated, and we now have no doubt that character, as well as technical knowledge, is a requisite in all who take upon themselves the work of forming the minds of the young. That is, our secular educators have learned these things, some, it is believed, at the instance of the Federal authorities, and now profess them. Among Catholic educators, they were never called in question.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

SOCIOLOGY

Knights Errant and Erring

ONE of those chances which come to inquisitive people had put us on speaking terms. It is only fair to say that the inquisitiveness was my sin. My chance friend was the victim. His had been a life of considerable adventure. At an early age he had run away from home and made his way to South Africa. There he had enlisted with the British forces, had fought against the Zulus, and later, against the Boers. When these far-away lands lost their glamor and fighting grew irksome he sailed for America, buckled on the buskin and became an actor, admired of the pit and applauded by the gallery. Now, in the fifth year of the war, when the armies of civilization need doughty men, he was on his way to join one of our allies. He is still young, robust and full of high purpose; so there is no reason in the world to doubt that, with proper training, he will prove himself a raging berserke against any Boche foolhardy enough to stay his progress.

ENTHUSIASM AND FAILURE

HOW glorious is youth with its scorn of difficulties, its disdain of obstacles, its impatience at delay, its visions of achievement! It fixes its eyes on the golden treasure, and recks not of pain nor of failure nor, too often, of the means it must use if the treasure is to be won. Only the bitter years bring to youth the realization of what sort is the unseen burden that galls it, and bows it down. On the other hand, youth must not grow palsied through timorousness, else enthusiasm will fail and nothing worth while will be accomplished. Age itself has no guarantee against foolishness, though it has the ruins of others' fatuity to make it cautious, and experience teaches all save the hopelessly careless. Yet enthusiasm, worthy of the name, is not mere sentimentality in ebullition, is not light-headed, not heedless of sane advice, not disdainful of sound precedent, not blind to examples that point to failure, not unmindful of the limits of one's own powers, and of the difficulties inherent in the struggle after success; it is not unteachable, not undisciplined. In the heat of its finest efforts, youth, when it is capable of fine efforts, works with a calmness, a

precision, a self-possession, that astonishes the uninitiated. What are apparently aimless strivings are, on the contrary, well considered actions carefully directed; because the successful man, be he young or old, works according to plan. No one, better than he, knows the vanity of trying by fits and starts. No one, more thoroughly than he, realizes that only consistent and persevering effort can bring about lasting results. No one more clearly perceives the folly of chasing a will o' the wisp and trusting, as they say, to luck.

THE "RUNAWAY"

THESE reflections were induced by our chance friend who ran away from home. Our subject is "runaways," so we have not been talking so far beside the matter as may at first sight appear. From the records of the police courts and the Travelers' Aid Society, we learn that runaways have notably increased in numbers since the war began. Now, without animadverting on any particular runaway, one may hazard the statement that, speaking in general, every runaway is at heart a renegade. There may be good runaways, but the great rule is that runaways, like thieves, acquire goodness only through repentance. This being offered by way of text, I shall proceed to elucidate it.

By a runaway we mean a young person who, without license, and with the mind of independently shifting for himself, leaves his home, or the care of lawful guardians. The motives for going away are various. Some very few are ill used. They have ambition to get on in the world, and believe they are able to do so. They see that they are continually and unreasonably put down, and that opportunity will never come to them so long as they remain at home. They are willing to bear "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune"; they are sure they can withstand them. Young people of this kind do not deserve to be called runaways, as the word is commonly accepted. They are only seeking the liberty of doing an honest part, and of becoming useful citizens. Generally they turn out well in the end, for they start out with a fixed and worthy purpose and are willing to fulfil their duty. They are so rare, and so capable of caring for themselves, that we shall give them no further consideration.

POTENTIAL TRAMPS

A NOTHER class is afflicted with the lust of the highways. They are tramps *in petto*, ever on the lookout for variety and change. At times it has been found that the cause is a certain weakness of mind. The remedy is proper restraint, and sympathetic teaching. It happens, also, that a boy who is restive at a school where his studies are chiefly literary, will develop interest in his lessons, and do well, at a business school, a trade or technical school. Or his surroundings are undesirable. The trouble may come from disagreeable or unfit companionship. The part of parents and guardians is to consider carefully whether a change from one school to another, or even from school to employment, is for the boy's greater good. Parents have a grave matter in hand when they are deciding upon the school or college which their children are to attend. Catholic parents, in particular, are seriously bound to select a place where the teaching will carry on the moral training given at home. The undoing of right ideas of moral conduct is the cause of more instability of mind, and of consequent failure, than most people realize.

The last class of runaways we shall deal with is beyond doubt the most perverse, and therefore the most interesting. Who can help being interested in youngsters whose consuming ambition is not only to become millionaires and "movie stars," but to rise to economic and histrionic fame at once? They are obsessed by the notion that the abyss between humdrum existence and the life of a hero or heroine can be cleared by a running jump. True, their fathers and mothers never did so

much, nor, for that matter, anyone they ever knew. Their friends and relatives, if they are honest, will tell them that, even when wages are good, bread is eaten in the sweat of one's brow. What of all that? No one can deny that there have been meteoric careers. They have read about them, time and again, both in books and the Sunday supplements of the newspapers. They have studied their progress in the movies. They can recite examples like that of our adventurous friend whom we spoke of in the beginning. They admit, of course, that not every young person can go out into the world and conquer it single handed. But, in their own case, they have reason to thank God because they are not like the rest of youngsters. It is not for such as they are to lag in a becraped procession to the entoning of *misereres*; not they. So off they go to learn, as multitudes of their kind have learned before, that to make threnodies by the soughs of disappointment is no whit merrier than the plain chant of humble performances at home, and not half so profitable.

THE LURE OF THE UNIFORM

THE girl who runs away, lured by a uniform, is the most pitiable of all. There is a witchery about a uniform, even though it be only a bellboy's. Especially if the uniform be of one's country, it proclaims an ideal; it is an outward profession of the spirit of sacrifice, a mark of altruism. It represents a certain aloofness from the commonplace. It is, or is intended to be, a sign to all beholders that the wearer has heard and answered a call to higher aims and motives. It means abandonment of selfish ambitions, a laying aside of smaller purposes for the larger ones of the common good. It is the peculiar insignia of loyalty, a public signification of a finer devotion than the civilian is capable of. It shares the sacredness proper to the flag of the nation. While it should not mask what is good in one's character, much less efface what is personal, the uniform and what it stands for should elevate personality, lifting it upward and onward beyond what is petty and self-centered. We observe, too, that the soldier is conscious that the character he bears marks him off from the man in the street. The soldier realizes that donning the uniform is an investiture, a consecration to a sacred cause; is like the wearing of a phylactery emblazoned with the legend: "At your service, O my country!"

One can understand, then, how the soldier's uniform adds a special charm to the witchery of manner and appearance. The greater the pity that it is so misunderstood and belittled by a silly horde, as if the business of a soldier were rather to look pretty and write ditties to the love-lorn than to fight bravely.

THE PREVENTIVE

WHAT is to be done with these miscreant runaways? They are miscreants and a threat to society. So much is admitted. Therefore, what is to be done with them? The question has been decided, as far as public authority and welfare organizations can decide it. But anyone of experience will tell you that the final thing cannot be done by public authority and welfare societies. They cannot do the final thing because they cannot do what is fundamental. Well, then, what can? Only a good home and proper home training. Nothing else can be final, because nothing else can be fundamental. Surely at this state of the world's life, no sensible person will ask for proof that shifting the burden of education wholly to hired instructors cannot form children aright. Money can do much, but it cannot buy a mother's love or a father's insight and solicitude. Parents must learn that a home is something more than a refuge where their children may eat and find shelter from the weather and the fears of the night. You cannot make good children by simply leaving them to their own devices. You might as well try to make a model of propriety by putting a painted nimbus round the head of a street arab.

F. J. McNIFF, S.J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

Our Fourth Liberty Loan

SEPTEMBER 28 is the date set for the opening of the fourth Liberty Loan drive. Three successive times has the nation over-subscribed the great loans asked of it. With our armies winning in the field and the end of the great struggle perhaps more nearly in sight than ever before, we cannot doubt that a generous response will be given to this fourth call by every American, according to his means. "If you can't fight, your dollars can," is the motto kept before us. Contracts placed by the Ordnance Department alone totaled \$4,300,000,000 from the beginning of the year to June 30, 1918, the last day of the past fiscal year. The estimate for the current year is over \$7,000,000,000. With a prospect of about 5,000,000 men under arms in the near future and the launching of mighty steel leviathans at an almost fabulous rate, we can well imagine what immense sums will be needed to hasten all these operations. "Our soldiers in France are gloriously doing their part toward victory," a Government circular tells us; "the Liberty Loan subscription must show them that the people at home are doing theirs." Bonds speak louder than words.

Why Save Sugar?

“WAS your customer peevish when refused more than two pounds of sugar per person per month?” the Food Administration asks the clerk in an open letter.

Suppose you had said to her that she was being asked to restrict her use of sugar because the ships which were formerly used to transport sugar to this country were now taking our soldiers to France in such numbers that they have definitely staggered the German line. Suppose you had explained to her that the Allied countries of Europe have been holding that line for years on a lower sugar ration than we are now asked to observe, and that in the face of pitiful shortage of all other supplies. Suppose you had taken a few minutes to show her how soldiers need sugar for quick energy and how much greater our exports must be now that we have more than 1,000,000 men over there to be fed, in addition to the 120,000,000 Allies, all of whom look to us as the last food resource of the civilized world. Women are sympathetic and loyal by nature. Any woman would give her last pound of sugar to her sisters in France, and she would deny herself anything to serve her country. This woman merely did not understand.

The lesson is well given and should be learned by every purchaser and consumer. Whereas the wholesale price of sugar in the United States on May 1 was \$7.30 per 100 pounds, it was \$8.07 in Canada, \$12.59 in England, \$12.28 in France, and \$26.30 in Italy. Our total consumption of sugar for the fiscal year 1917 to 1918 was 8,218,582,000 pounds. This amount will doubtless be considerably reduced during the present year.

The Fatherless Children of France

IN the issue of *La Croix*, of Paris, for August 16, 1918, there is a resumé of the articles on the Fatherless Children of France, which have recently appeared in AMERICA, that ends with the following comment:

It seems well to add that the situation, in consequence of the protests made by Catholics, has certainly improved; nevertheless in the country districts, many school teachers, either because they have not received, or have refused to read, the instructions, persist in seeking to profit by American assistance to favor the public school. As we have not ceased to say, the list of the benefactions should be published.

Those who love the French children will derive much satisfaction from the assurance that conditions have improved, although they will experience anxiety over the statement that the distribution of funds is far from satisfactory in the country districts. *La Croix* points out the way to stop complaints. It is very simple. If the Fatherless Children of France will consent to publish a list in which the names of the children assisted is

given, and append to each name the school to which the children are sent, or in cases where assistance has been given to beneficial associations, the name of the association and the amount of money given it; the world at large will have an opportunity of judging whether or not the religious convictions of the dead fathers of the children are respected. This request for the publication of the benefactions of the Fatherless Children has often been made, but so far has met with evasive answers.

I. F. C. A. Postpones Convention

THE International Federation of Catholic Alumnae announces that the third biennial convention, which was to have taken place at St. Louis during October of this year, has been postponed until after the war. "The Federation," the official circular explains, "is anxious to cooperate with the Government in every possible field, and in deference to the restrictions placed on travel, except for business or war exigencies, has decided to defer the convention until the war is ended and normal conditions prevail throughout the country." The organization at present numbers 50,000 graduates and pupils of the Catholic institutions of higher education throughout the United States and Canada, and extensive war work has already been done by its various State chapters. During the period of stress the interests of the Federation will be provided for by a meeting of the executive board and advisory council under the chairmanship of the Very Rev. Edward A. Pace. Date and place have not as yet been determined.

The Students' Army Training Corps

TO prevent the premature enlistment of college students who can do more effective work by continuing their college course the War Department has established the Students' Army Training Corps. In its announcement the Department calls attention to the need of highly trained men:

This is a war in which soldiers are not only marksmen, but also engineers, chemists, physicists, geologists, doctors, and specialists in many other lines. Scientific training is indispensable. Engineering skill is needed by the officers who direct every important military operation and who control our lines of transport and communication. In the same way chemical and physical knowledge are in constant demand at the front as well as behind the lines, while the task of saving the lives and restoring the health of hundreds of thousands of wounded calls for the services of regiments of military physicians. The scientific training which prepares a man to fulfill one of these highly specialized duties and the more liberal training which helps to develop the qualities of leadership needed by the officer or administrator are essential elements of military efficiency.

Recently there were 7,000 members of college faculties and selected students taking a course designed to equip them to share in the work of military instruction in the colleges during the coming year.

Father Duffy of the Old "Sixty-ninth"

"DESPITE constant and severe bombardment with shells and aerial bombs, he continued to circulate in and about the two aid stations and hospitals, creating an atmosphere of cheerfulness and confidence by his courageous and inspiring example." That is the testimony given by General Pershing to Father Francis P. Duffy for his devotion to the wounded and dying in Villers Fère from July 28 to July 31. It was likewise the reason for conferring on him the Distinguished Service Cross. Yet it gives but the cold outlines of the fact. "Every one, living and dead, has done gloriously," wrote a soldier boy on July 20, from France; "no one really stands out, except perhaps Father Duffy—one can't help but love him, and he's just as good a friend to us non-Catholics as he is to his own flock" (*Even-*

ing Mail, September 5). How the news of the honor conferred upon Father Duffy was received in the home city of the old "Sixty-ninth of New York," now the 165th Regiment, can best be judged from the following editorial tribute paid by the *New York Herald*:

Father Duffy, we may state, is as popular with Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists, Hebrews, etc., as he is with the members of his own Church. He is, in fact, a shining example of the new orthodoxy, which is based on a belief in national and international decency and all that decency involves. He is one of the men who believe that those who are not with us in this war are against us and that is all that can be said.

One of the recent German propagandist lies, the whispering lies, was to the effect that Father Duffy was dead. As if it could help the cause of the Kaiser and his gang to convince New Yorkers that the Teutons had managed to put out of business a man who, while he was spoiling to be in the fighting, was able to attend to the cure of souls or handle the end of a stretcher, under fire, with all the nonchalance of a cleric taking his afternoon walk down Fifth avenue!

Well, instead of being buried under the poppies that bloom in Flanders fields Father Duffy is very much alive. He will have the right to wear the War Cross on his cassock. And we all hope that when the boys come home we shall be able to show what we think of a chaplain of whom a private of another faith said: "Believe me, he is some man, and don't you forget it!" We won't.

Father Duffy is but the splendid type of the Catholic chaplain at the front. May their service to our country never be forgotten!

The New York Press on Cardinal Farley

DURING the past week columns of sympathetic comment upon the life and labors, the religious zeal and patriotic devotion of the late Cardinal Farley filled the *New York* papers. Practically each of the great metropolitan dailies honored his memory with a special editorial replete with kindly feeling and high appreciation for the many admirable qualities of the illustrious prelate. The following tribute from the *New York Evening Sun* may be taken as typical of the tone of the entire press:

Cardinal Farley's long and useful life is bound to be an inspiration to youth and a pattern for maturity. Not more as churchman and prelate than as a simple lover of mankind, a man among men, human, lovable, gently tolerant and filled with the peace which abides in the innocent heart, this good man was held in adequate esteem, love and reverence by his friends of every order.

Throughout his long career, during a great part of which he was a definite influence in New York, his kindly figure, whether as parish priest or Cardinal Archbishop, has always been recognized as a fixed star in the firmament of his Church, whose magnitude was accurately reckoned and securely established. He was a sturdy defender of his devout faith, religious and political; never finding occasion for harsh judgment, nor yet relaxing firmness in the essentials of man's duty to God, the State and himself.

In the course of so long a life in high ecclesiastical station a thousand incidents might be recalled indicative of the character of the faithful shepherd of souls, of the spirit in which meekness joined with the acceptance of high responsibility. Yet none is needed, for many thousands cherish personal memories of this well beloved friend which are more precious to them than any of the more public incidents. The other day when Bishop Greer read prayers in Trinity for the Cardinal as he lay ill nobody saw anything surprising in the action, however unusual. Beloved by all who knew him, his consummate worth was taken for granted by all communions.

As the life of the Cardinal was slowly ebbing away, the Jews did not forget him while celebrating their New Year's festivities. "Prayers," wrote the *New York Herald*, "were offered in many synagogues at Yom Kippur services yesterday for the distinguished churchman." So men of all creeds and all factions united in publicly showing their esteem for this "lover of mankind," this "man among men."